

FULL 68 PAGES

AMAZING STORIES



NO
53

Sinister TALES

1½

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

EVERY DARING ADVENTURER DREADS
THE DAY WHEN HE WILL MEET HIS MATCH!
HAS DAREDEVIL FINALLY MET HIS IN...
**"THE MYSTERIOUS MASKED
MATADOR?"**



UNDER THE
BRILLIANT
ARTISTIC CRAFTS-
MANSHIP OF FAMOUS
ILLUSTRATOR
WALLY WOOD
DAREDEVIL REACHES
NEW HEIGHTS OF
GLORY!



THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR
BATTLES

"The

MYSTERIOUS MASKED MATADOR!"

Personal Note:

MARVEL WANTS TO PERSONALLY THANK **BILL EVERETT**, AND **JOE ORLANDO** AND **VINCE COLLETTA** (WHO DREW THE FIRST FOUR D.D.S.), FOR HELPING US LAUNCH THE MOST SUCCESSFUL NEW FEATURE OF THE YEAR!

THIS FAMOUS TRIO, THREE OF COMICDOM'S ALL-TIME GREATS, DONATED THEIR TIME AND TALENTS UNTIL WE COULD FIND A PERMANENT ARTIST OF SUFFICIENT STATURE TO CONTINUE THIS HIGHLY-PRaised SERIES!

AND NOW, WE'VE FOUND HIM! WITH NO FURTHER ADO, WE ANNOUNCE OUR NEWEST CREATIVE TEAM:

STAN LEE * **WALLACE WOOD**
WRITER! * **ILLUSTRATOR!**

FOR DAYS I'VE HEARD REPORTS OF AN UNKNOWN COSTUMED CRIMINAL NAMED **THE MATADOR** WHO IS THE GREATEST THREAT TO LAW AND ORDER IN YEARS! BUT, IF HE'S ANYWHERE IN THE CITY...

BULLETIN! THE MASKED MATADOR IS THE SUBJECT OF A CITY-WIDE MANHUNT! WORKING ALONE, THIS STRANGE CRIMINAL, WHO USES NO FIRE-ARMS, HAS STARTED A ONE-MAN CRIME WAVE WHICH THREATENS TO...

IT DOESN'T SEEM AS THOUGH ANYONE CAN STOP THE MATADOR!

...DAREDEVIL WILL FIND HIM!

AND SO, THE SENSATIONAL SIGHTLESS CRUSADER BEGINS A NEW ADVENTURE... AGAINST ONE OF THE MOST DARINGLY DIFFERENT ARCH-FOES OF ALL!

WALLY WOOD, ANOTHER GREAT MARVEL ALUMNUS WHO CERTAINLY NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION TO THE READERS OF MANY OF AMERICA'S TOP MAGAZINES, HAS REDESIGNED CERTAIN PORTIONS OF D.D.'S COSTUME! WE IN THE BULLPEN FELT HE SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO DO SO, AND WE SINCERELY HOPE THAT YOU WILL AGREE!

DAY AFTER DAY, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR HAS COMBED THE CITY, SEEKING THE MATADOR! BUT NOW, AT LAST, HIS HYPER-SENSITIVE EARS DETECT THE FLUTTERING OF A LARGE CAPE ON THE STREET BELOW...



LUCKY IT'S EVENING, AND THE CITY IS HUSHED... OTHERWISE THE THOUSANDS OF OTHER NOISES MIGHT HAVE DROWNED OUT THE FAINT SOUND!

I HEAR THE CAPE BEING SLOWLY RAISED AS A HEAVY IRON VEHICLE APPROACHES IT! EVEN A BLIND MAN CAN NOW DEDUCE THAT THE MATADOR IS FACING AN ONCOMING ARMORED TRUCK!



BUT WHAT CAN ONE MAN, ARMED ONLY WITH A CAPE, DO AGAINST A STEEL-PLATED VEHICLE?

POISED FOR ACTION... HIS EVERY SENSE OPERATING AT PEAK EFFICIENCY... DARE-DEVIL WAITS, USING THE TIME-HONORED TACTIC OF EVERY TRAINED FIGHTER... WAITING TO LEARN AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE ABOUT HIS FOE, BEFORE HE STRIKES!

HEY! WHO'S THAT COSTUMED NUT BLOCKIN' OUR WAY?? LOOK OUT... YOU'LL HIT 'IM!

NUT NOTHING! DON'T YOU READ THE PAPERS?? THAT'S THE MASKED MATADOR! HE'S NOT MOVIN'! I CAN'T STOP IN TIME! I'LL HAVE TO SWERVE OUT OF THE WAY!



THEN, AT THE LAST POSSIBLE SPLIT-SECOND, THE MASKED CRIMINAL MAKES HIS MOVE! EVEN THOUGH THE STARTLED DRIVER TRIES DESPERATELY TO AVOID HITTING HIM, THE MATADOR HURLS HIS CAPE AT THE WINDSHIELD, TEMPORARILY BLINDING THE TWO MEN INSIDE!



WHAT'S HE DOING?? I CAN'T SEE!

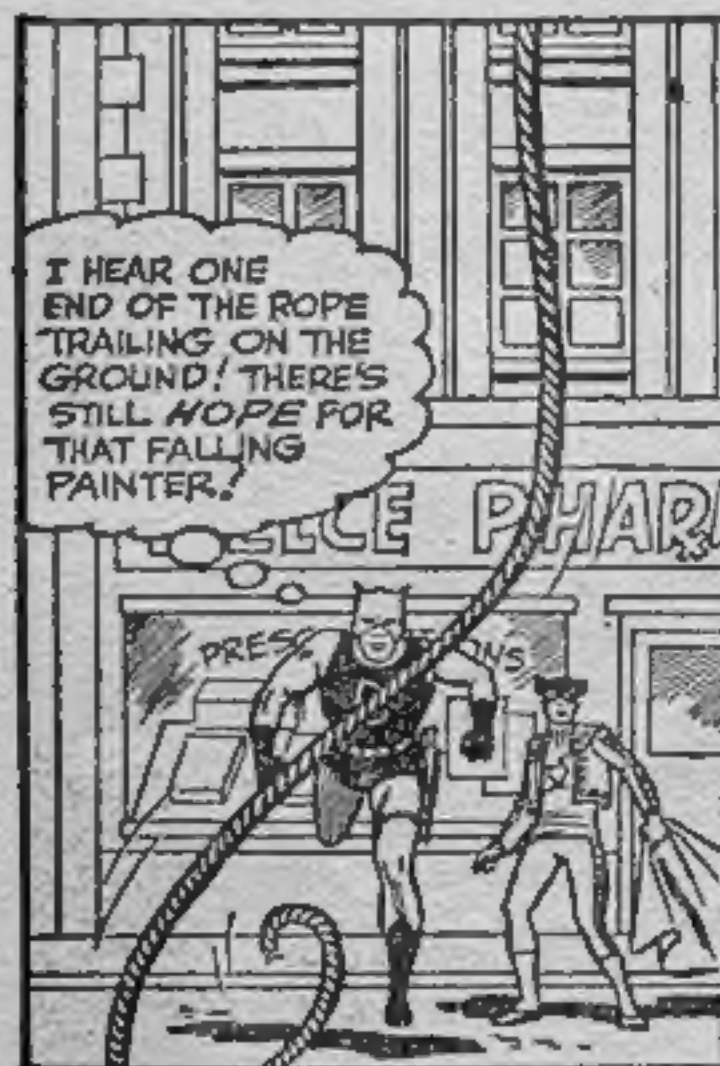
CUT 'ER SHARP! WATCH OUT! WE'RE GONNA HIT SOMETHING!

SO THAT'S HOW HE DOES IT! OKAY, MATADOR... I'VE HEARD ENOUGH!

AHHH, TORO! ONCE AGAIN I HAVE TRIUMPHED! WHAT DELICACY! WHAT ARTISTRY! WHAT MAGNIFICENT DARING! NO WONDER THE MASKED MATADOR IS UN-BEATABLE!



CRASH!



BUT, BY THE TIME THE SIGHTLESS ADVENTURER IS READY TO AGAIN FACE HIS COSTUMED ADVERSARY, HE FINDS...

I NO LONG-ER HEAR THE MATADOR'S CAPE WAFTING IN THE BREEZE... NOR DO I DETECT HIS DISTINCTIVE HEARTBEAT! HE HAS FLED!

LOOK! IT'S DAREDEVIL!

SUDDENLY RACING AROUND THE CORNER, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR IS SOON TRANSFORMED INTO MATT MURDOCK, THE BRILLIANT BLIND LAWYER!

I'D BETTER RETURN TO THE OFFICE NOW! I'VE STILL GOT A JOB TO TAKE CARE OF!

AND SO, MATT MURDOCK ARRIVES AT THE LAW FIRM OF NELSON AND MURDOCK AS HE HEARS HIS PARTNER'S DISAPPOINTED VOICE...

YOU SAY THAT TONIGHT IS THE ONLY TIME YOU CAN MEET ME FOR THE EXAMINATION BEFORE TRIAL? WELL, I DID HAVE ANOTHER ENGAGEMENT, BUT I GUESS I CAN POSTPONE IT!

POOR FOGGY! HE'LL HAVE TO WORK LATE AGAIN!

BOY, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU, MATT! WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT?? I HAVE A DATE TO TAKE KAREN TO A COSTUME PARTY TONIGHT... AND NOW I'VE GOT TO HANG AROUND HERE, INSTEAD!

HOW ABOUT BEING A PAL AND TAKING HER THERE FOR ME... UNTIL I CAN FINISH UP AND MEET YOU THERE?

THAT, FOGGY, MY BOY, IS THE BEST OFFER I'VE HAD IN MANY A DAY! THE VERDICT IS YES!

I'LL TRY TO GET THERE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, MATT! IT SHOULDN'T TAKE TOO LONG!

YOU SAID IT'S A COSTUME PARTY.. I WON'T NEED ONE, WILL I?

OH, NO! YOU CAN GO AS YOU ARE! BUT KAREN AND I PLANNED TO ATTEND AS CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA! I'LL BE CAESAR, OF COURSE!

FOGGY THINKS I'M DOING HIM A FAVOR! HE DOESN'T SUSPECT HOW I FEEL ABOUT KAREN! AND SHE MUST NEVER SUSPECT IT, EITHER!

I COULDN'T EVER BEAR THE THOUGHT OF KAREN FEELING SORRY FOR ME... OR TRYING TO BE NICE TO ME, SO AS NOT TO HURT THE FEELINGS OF A BLIND MAN!

THAT SOFT, SWEET SCENT OF PERFUME! THAT GENTLE HEART-BEAT! SHE'S HERE NOW!

HELLO, MATT! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE HERE! HOW DO I LOOK, FOGGY?

BRO-THER! KAREN, HONEY, IF TWENTIETH-CENTURY FOX HAD SEEN YOU FIRST, LIZ TAYLOR WOULD PROBABLY NEVER HAVE MET DICK BURTON!

MIND IF MATT ESCORTS YOU, AND I JOIN YOU LATER?

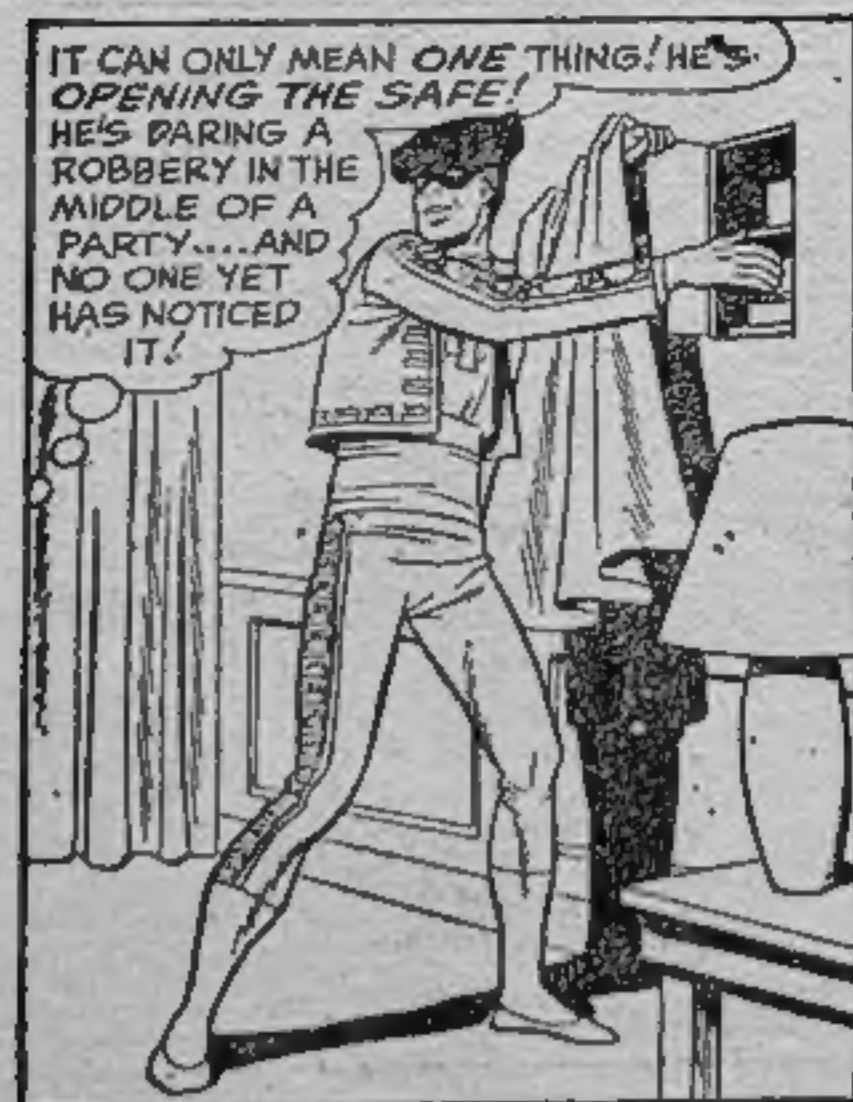
I GUESS I CAN STAND IT IF HE CAN!

AND SO...

WHY DON'T WE STOP AND FIND A COSTUME FOR YOU, MATT? YOU'D PROBABLY ENJOY REMAINING AT THE PARTY!

I MIGHT, KAREN... BUT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN THERE'S A CROWD! I DON'T THINK FOGGY EXACTLY NEEDS ANOTHER MAN HANGING AROUND WHEN HE'S AT A PARTY WITH YOU!

I KNOW I'D WANT TO BE ALL ALONE WITH YOU, IF I EVER HAD THE CHANCE, MY DARLING!





CALL THE POLICE! QUICK! HE'S NO GUEST! HE IS THE MASKED MATADOR!

I HAD HOPED TO FINISH MY LITTLE BUSINESS WITHOUT CAUSING A DISTURBANCE! BUT ALAS, YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE!



STOP HIM! HOLD HIM TILL THE POLICE ARRIVE!

AH! THAT IS EASIER SAID THAN DONE, MY BRAVES! SO, YOU WOULD ATTACK THE MATADOR! WELL, THEN... COME AND GET ME!

THAT RIDICULOUS CLOAK CAN'T HELP HIM NOW! GET HIM!



AYYY, TORO! OLE!

HE'S AS SLIPPERY AS AN EEL!



HE'S TRYING TO RUN OFF! AFTER HIM! BLOCK THE DOORS!

DOORS? WHAT DOES THE MATADOR WANT WITH DOORS?



ALL I NEED DO IS STOP IN MY TRACKS AND TOY WITH YOU AGAIN!

IF ONLY THE BULLS WERE AS CLUMSY AS YOU!!

OOOF!

LET'S STOP! WE'VE GOT TO PLAN AN ATTACK! HE'S MAKING US LOOK LIKE FOOLS!



OH, MATT! THAT MAN IS DANGEROUS! NO ONE CAN LAY A HAND ON HIM! THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT HE'LL DO NEXT!

IF ONLY I HAD A CHANCE TO SECRETLY CHANGE TO DAREDEVIL!



THEY'RE STILL FIGHTING! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS HERE FOR A MAN WHO CAN'T SEE TO PROTECT HIMSELF! QUICK... GO INTO THE NEXT ROOM! I'LL SHUT THE DOOR BEHIND YOU! YOU'LL BE SAFER THERE!

PERFECT! JUST THE CHANCE I NEED!

BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU? WILL YOU BE SAFE?

OF COURSE, MATT! I WANT TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS! NOW HURRY!

THEN, NO SOONER DOES MATT MURDOCK HEAR THE DOOR SLAM SHUT BEHIND HIM ---

AT LAST! NOW I CAN GO INTO ACTION!

SLAM!

I'VE GOT TO CHANGE QUICKLY, BEFORE THE MATADOR CAN ESCAPE AGAIN!

WITH EVERYONE WATCHING THE MASKED CRIMINAL SO CAREFULLY, THEY MAY NOT NOTICE ME AS I RUSH SILENTLY OUT OF THIS ROOM AGAIN!

FROM THE SOUND OF THEIR VOICES THROUGH THE WALL, I CAN TELL THEY'RE FACING AWAY FROM MY DOOR!

I WAS RIGHT! SO FAR, SO GOOD!

GET THE MATADOR!

SOME-BODY STOP HIM!

LOOK OUT!!

ALL THIS NOISE... THIS SHOUTING... IT'S MAKING IT DIFFICULT FOR ME! IT'S HARD TO SEPARATE ONE SOUND FROM THE OTHER!

TOO MANY PEOPLE CROWDING AROUND! I CAN'T BREAK THROUGH WITHOUT INJURING SOMEBODY! NO ONE REALIZES I'M THE REAL DAREDEVIL!

THEY PROBABLY THINK I'M JUST ANOTHER COSTUMED GUEST!

BUT I CAN'T STAY IN THE BACKGROUND MUCH LONGER! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

AND IF I CAN'T SHOULDER MY WAY THROUGH THE CROWD...

THEN I'LL HAVE TO GO FLYING OVER THEIR HEADS... LIKE THIS!

DAREDEVIL! SO ONCE AGAIN OUR PATHS CROSS, EN?



BUT, THIS TIME THE FAST-MOVING MATADOR IS TOO QUICK FOR THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

AHH, POOR TORO!

I MISCALCULATED! THE NOISE OF THE CROWD BLENDED WITH THE RUSTLING OF HIS CAPE, CONFUSING ME!



HOWEVER HIS LONG HARD YEARS OF TRAINING SERVE DAREDEVIL WELL, AS HE MANAGES TO TWIST HIS BODY IN MIDAIR, LANDING UP-RIGHT, AGAIN READY FOR INSTANT ACTION!

HE'S STILL THERE! I CAN HEAR HIM LAUGHING... GLOATING AT MY FUMBLE!



SO! AGAIN YOU TRY A FOOLISH LUNGE! HOW CAN YOU LAY A FINGER ON ONE WHO HAS DODGED MADDENED BULLS AND LIVED TO TELL OF IT!?

HIS RUSTLING CAPE! IT VIBRATES THE AIR AROUND HIM, FOGGING MY RADAR SENSE!



AND NOW, MASKED BUFFOON, YOU BEGIN TO BORE ME! BE GRATEFUL I'M LETTING YOU OFF THIS EASY!

HE'S AS STRONG AS HE IS AGILE! THAT BLOW REALLY ROCKED ME!



BUT AGAIN THE SIGHTLESS CRUSADER RECOVERS IMMEDIATELY, AS HIS INCREDIBLE STAMINA AND VIGOR COME TO HIS AID! BUT THEN...

DID YOU SEE THAT? THE MATADOR BEAT DAREDEVIL!!

IF THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR CAN'T BEAT HIM, WHO CAN??

DON'T JUST STAND THERE, DAREDEVIL, GO GET HIM!

GET THE WOMEN OUT OF HERE! ANY-THING IS LIABLE TO HAPPEN!

MAYBE DAREDEVIL ISN'T THE HOTSHOT HE'S CRACKED UP TO BE!

EVERYONE SHOUTING... YELLING... I CAN'T SEPARATE THE VOICES!!



IF ONLY THEY'D BE QUIET! IF ONLY I COULD EXPLAIN TO THEM... MY RADAR SENSE CAN'T FUNCTION WITH ALL THE COMMO-TION!



EXPLANATION OF DAREDEVIL'S RADAR SENSE:

NORMALLY, MY RADAR SENSE GOES OUT, HITS OBJECTS AROUND ME, AND BOUNCES BACK, GIVING ME A MENTAL PICTURE OF MY SURROUNDINGS!

PING!

BUT WHEN THERE IS TOO MUCH MOVEMENT AND CONFUSION ALL ABOUT ME, THE "PICTURE" WHICH COMES BACK IS GARBLED AND DISTORTED!

STILL, EVEN IF MY SENSES AREN'T FUNCTIONING PERFECTLY, I CAN'T GIVE UP! I'VE GOT TO KEEP TRYING! I KNOW APPROXIMATELY WHERE HE IS... HE'S SOMEWHERE IN FRONT OF ME!

I'LL ATTACK QUICKLY! PERHAPS, IF I'M LUCKY...

SO! YOU WILL NOT ADMIT DEFEAT! YOU FORCE ME TO TAKE STRONGER MEASURES, DO YOU?

VERY WELL, THEN! I SHALL DO WHATEVER I MUST!

AYYY, TORO! DEFEND YOURSELF!

TOO SLOW! I MISCALCULATED AGAIN!

HE'S THROWN HIS CAPE OVER MY HEAD! NOW MY SENSES ARE ALL DULLED! FOR THE FIRST TIME, I FEEL THE WAY AN ORDINARY SIGHTLESS MAN MIGHT FEEL IN A BATTLE!

CAUSING YOU BODILY INJURY WILL AFFORD ME NO PLEASURE! IT PLEASES ME TO HUMILIATE YOU INSTEAD.. AS A LESSON TO OTHERS!

WHOP!

AND NOW, FAREWELL! IT IS UNLIKELY THAT WE SHALL MEET AGAIN! FOR I FEEL THE MATADOR HAS ENDED YOUR CAREER, MOST EMPHATICALLY!

SO SHOCKED, SO STARTLED ARE THE OTHERS AT THE SIGHT OF DAREDEVIL'S IGNOBLE DEFEAT, THAT NO ONE MAKES A MOVE TO STOP THE MATADOR AS HE FADES FROM SIGHT THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW... AND THEN, GETTING HIS BEARINGS AGAIN, IN THE SUDDEN SILENCE, DAREDEVIL ONCE MORE MOVES QUICKLY...

I'VE GOT TO CHANGE BACK TO MATT MURDOCK... BEFORE KAREN ENTERS THE ROOM!

AND BY THE TIME KAREN DOES APPEAR...

NEITHER WOULD I!

MATT! FOGGY JUST ARRIVED! HE SAW THE WHOLE THING, ALSO! IT WAS TERRIBLE! THAT MAN MADE A LAUGHING STOCK OF DAREDEVIL!

I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED IT, MATT!

I HEARD A LOT OF COMMOTION THROUGH THE

DOOR... BUT I COULDN'T QUITE TELL WHAT WAS GOING ON!

OOO

OOO

OOO

OOO

OOO

OOO

OOO

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, THE SOBER, SIGHTLESS ATTORNEY FINDS HIMSELF BROODING MORE AND MORE OVER HIS DEFEAT AT THE HANDS OF THE MASKED MATADOR! EVEN IN THE COMPANY OF THE GIRL HE SECRETLY LOVES, AS THEY RETURN TO THE OFFICE AFTER LUNCHING TOGETHER, HE CAN'T FORGET...

MATT, YOU'VE BEEN SO QUIET... SO THOUGHTFUL! IS ANYTHING TROUBLING YOU? HAVE I DONE ANYTHING?



OF COURSE NOT, KAREN! IT'S NOTHING IMPORTANT!



COME ON, TOMMY! I'VE BEEN DAREDEVIL LONG ENOUGH! I WANNA BE THE MATADOR!

AWW, I WAS DAREDEVIL LAST TIME! JUST LET ME BE THE MATADOR A WHILE LONGER!

LISTEN! CHILDREN PLAYING! THEY'RE MAKING A HERO OF THE MATADOR!

THEY SNEER AT DAREDEVIL!

IT'S A PERFECT SHAME!

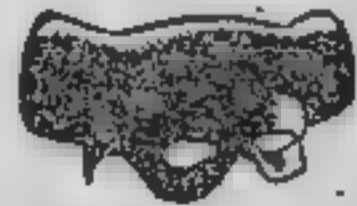
I'LL BET THE MATADOR COULD LICK DAREDEVIL WITH ONE HAND TIED BEHIND HIM!

WHEN I THINK HOW WONDERFUL DAREDEVIL WAS... HOW HE RESCUED ME IN THE PAST... WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING ME... I COULD JUST CRY!

I'D HATE TO THINK THAT THE YOUNGSTERS ARE MAKING A HERO OF SOMEONE LIKE THE MATADOR... AND YET, CHILDREN DO ADMIRE A WINNER!



"CHILDREN DO ADMIRE A WINNER! THAT ONE THOUGHT SPINS 'ROUND AND 'ROUND IN THE BROODING LAWYER'S BRAIN ALL THE WAY BACK TO THE OFFICE! BUT LITTLE DOES HE SUSPECT THAT, DIRECTLY ACROSS TOWN, THE MATADOR IS PREPARING FOR THE MOST DARING CRIME OF ALL!"



NO ONE HAS EVER DARED ROB A BURGLAR ALARM FACTORY BEFORE!

FOR NONE HAVE THE AUDACITY OF... THE MATADOR!

HOW EASY IT IS FOR ME TO VAULT OVER ALL THE PROTECTIVE ELECTRIFIED FENCING!

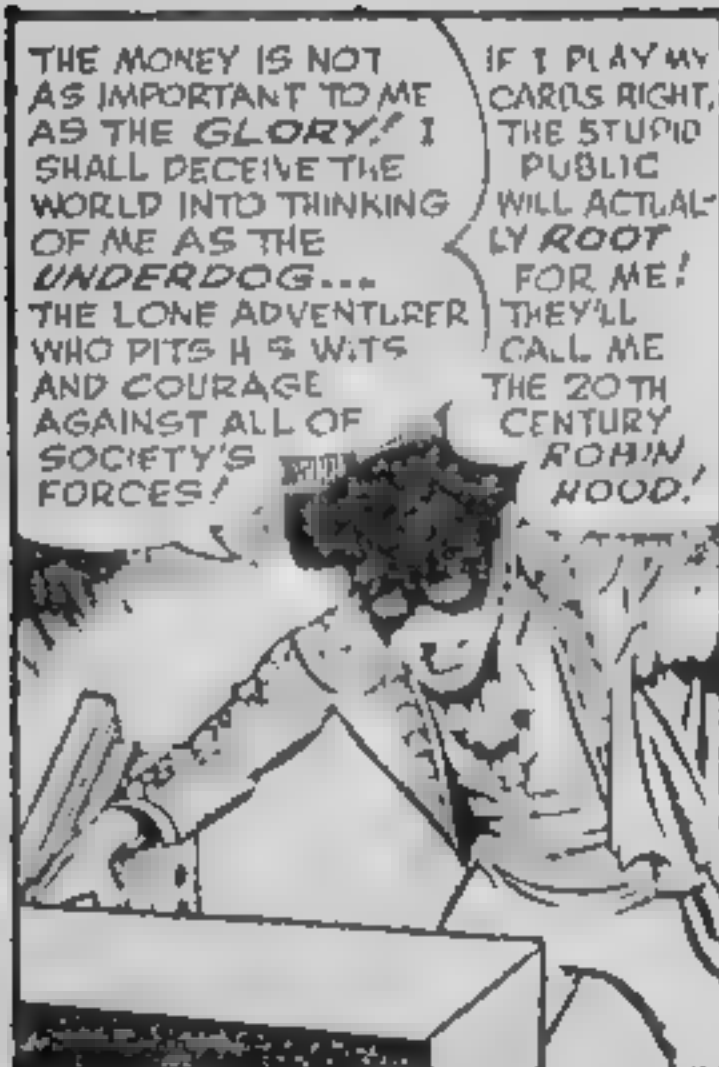


THEN, IT IS BUT THE WORK OF A MOMENT TO OVERCOME THE WATCHMAN...



AND, BY MEANS OF MY THIN, PLIABLE SWORD BLADE, I CAN DE-ACTIVATE THE MAIN SWITCHES, RENDERING THE COMPLEX SYSTEM OF BURGLAR ALARMS UTTERLY USELESS!

HOW CAN ANYONE EVER STOP ME?? MY TALENT, AND MY INGENUITY ARE UTTERLY WITHOUT PEER! THE WORLD SHALL LONG REMEMBER THE DEEDS OF THE MATADOR!



THE MONEY IS NOT AS IMPORTANT TO ME AS THE **GLORY!** I SHALL DECEIVE THE WORLD INTO THINKING OF ME AS THE **UNDERDOG...** THE LONE ADVENTURER WHO PITS HIS WITS AND COURAGE AGAINST ALL OF SOCIETY'S FORCES!

IF I PLAY MY CARDS RIGHT, THE STUPID PUBLIC WILL ACTUALLY **ROOT FOR ME!** THEY'LL CALL ME THE 20TH CENTURY **ROBIN HOOD!**

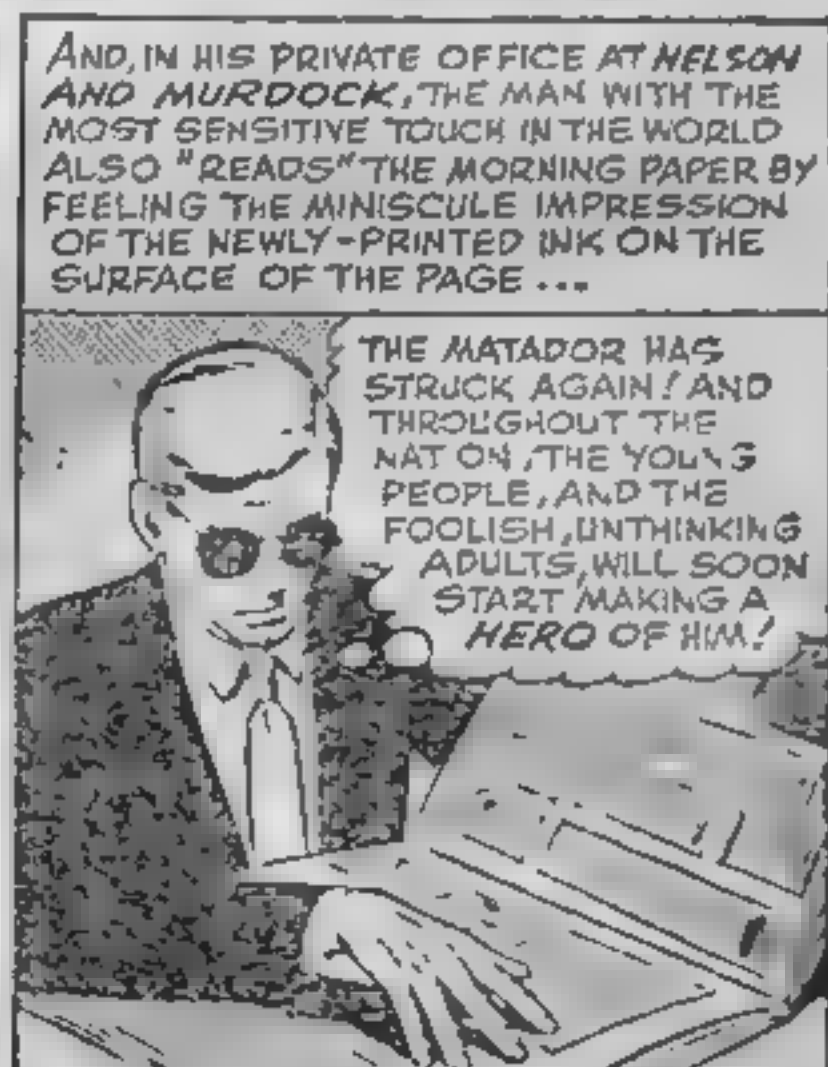


AND, MY CRIMES SHALL BE THE TYPE TO MAKE MEN GASP IN AWE! ONLY THE **MATADOR** WOULD DARE INVADE A PLANT WHICH SPECIALIZES IN BURGLAR

AND ONLY THE **MATADOR** WOULD STEAL THEIR OWN ALARM FROM THE WALL! I'LL USE IT TO GUARD THE STOLEN TREASURES WHICH SHALL SOON BE MINE!

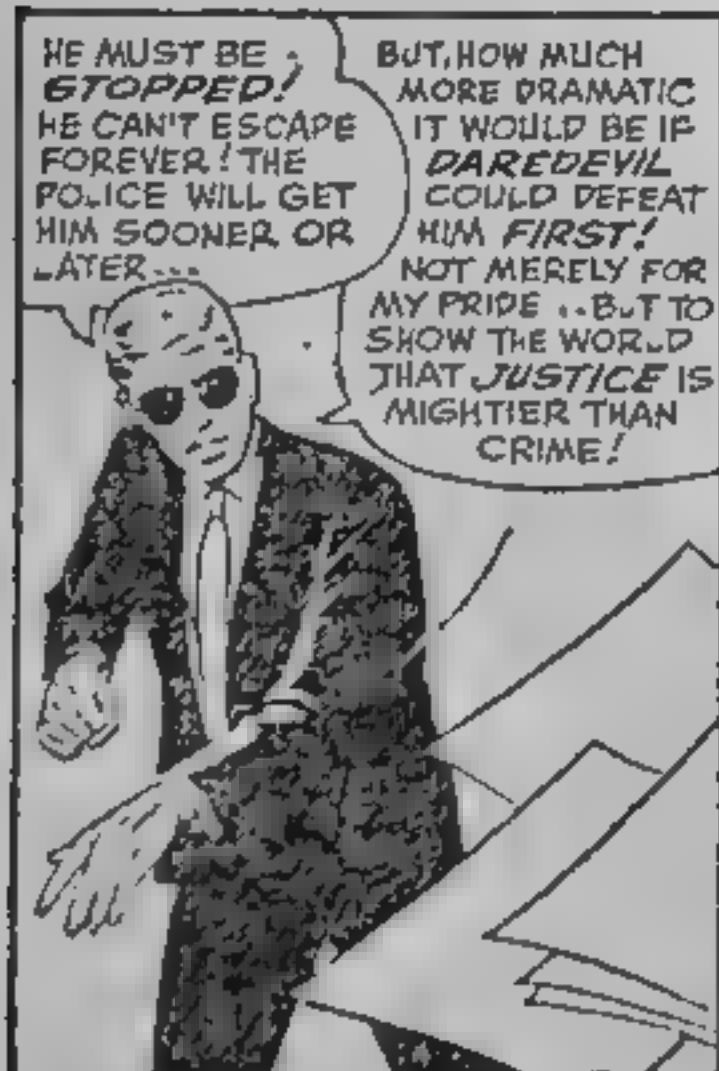


WHAT A MOMENT OF TRIUMPH THIS IS FOR ME! FIRST, MY **DEEDS** - VICTORY OVER **THIS!**



AND, IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE AT NELSON AND MURDOCK, THE MAN WITH THE MOST SENSITIVE TOUCH IN THE WORLD ALSO "READS" THE MORNING PAPER BY FEELING THE MINISCULE IMPRESSION OF THE NEWLY-PRINTED INK ON THE SURFACE OF THE PAGE...

THE **MATADOR** HAS STRUCK AGAIN! AND THROUGHOUT THE NATION, THE YOUNG PEOPLE, AND THE FOOLISH, UNTHINKING ADULTS, WILL SOON START MAKING A **HERO** OF HIM!



HE MUST BE **STOPPED!** HE CAN'T ESCAPE FOREVER! THE POLICE WILL GET HIM SOONER OR LATER...

BUT, HOW MUCH MORE DRAMATIC IT WOULD BE IF **DAREDEVIL** COULD DEFEAT HIM **FIRST!** NOT MERELY FOR MY PRIDE... BUT TO SHOW THE WORLD THAT **JUSTICE** IS MIGHTIER THAN CRIME!



AND THEN, THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE I MUST DO! FOR I CAN REMAIN SILENT NO LONGER! I MUST TELL KAREN OF MY LOVE... NO MATTER WHAT HER ANSWER MAY BE!

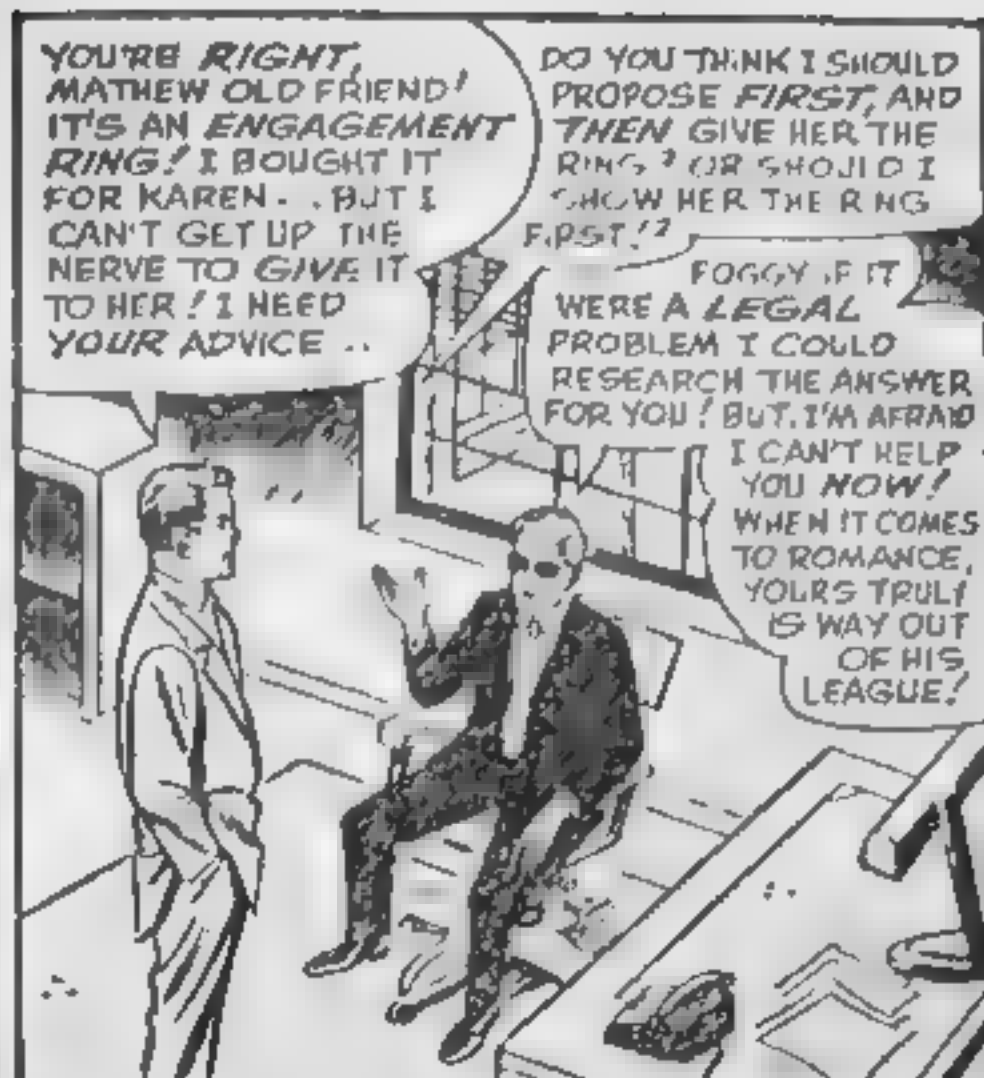


HOWEVER, AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

MATT GOES A MINUTE? I'D LIKE YOUR ADVICE ABOUT SOMETHING!

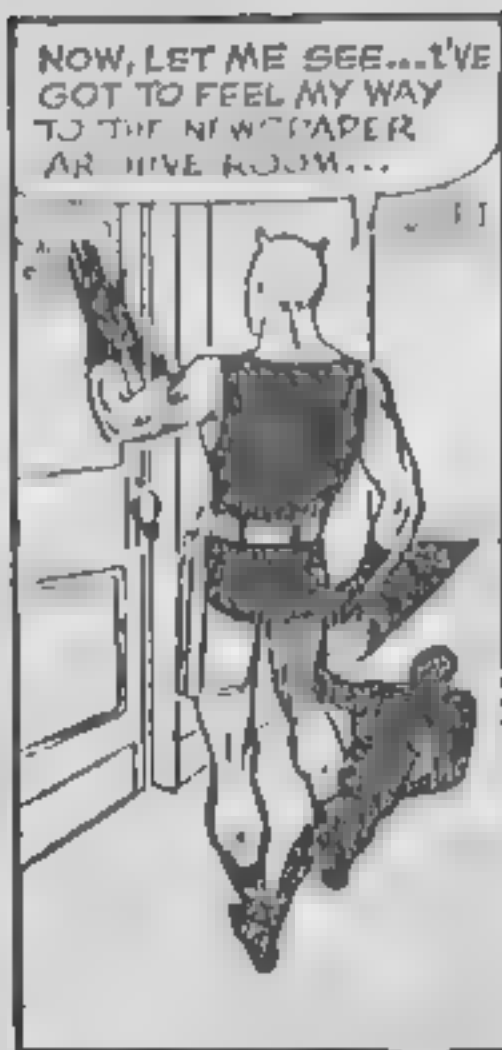
SURE, FOGGY!

PLEASE RATE SOUNDS USUALLY FAST WE SEEM TO BE HAVING AN EMOTIONAL DILEMMA!





MOST COSTUMED ADVENTURERS WOULD GO OUT OF BUSINESS WITHOUT THESE SKY-LIGHTS TO DROP THROUGH!



NOW, LET ME SEE... I'VE GOT TO FEEL MY WAY TO THE NEWSPAPER AR HIVE ROOM...



AAA! I MUST HAVE TAKEN A WRONG TURN

I'D BETTER REMOVE MY GLOVE AND MAKE IT EASIER FOR MY SENSE OF TOUCH!



FINALLY...

AND THIS IS WHAT I WANT!

NOW TO GO THROUGH THE SPORTS SECTION OF THE LITERATURE OF ALL EDITIONS!



THEN, THERE IN THE SEMI-DARKNESS, "READING" FASTER THAN ANY SIGHTED PERSON COULD HOPE TO, PAREDEVIL'S INCREDIBLY SENSITIVE FINGERTIPS SCAN PAGE AFTER PAGE, UNTIL...

I'D BE GREAT FOR THAT CLASSIFIED PHONE BOOK AD THAT SAYS: "LET YOUR FINGERS DO THE WALKING!"

HERE'S WHAT I'M AFTER! I KNEW I'D FIND IT! IT'S FROM A PAPER DATED APRIL 6TH, 1964! "MANUEL ELOGANTO, THE WORLD-FAMOUS BULL-FIGHTER HAS MYSTERIOUSLY VANISHED!"



"FOR YEARS, ELOGANTO WAS THE MOST FAMOUS, MOST CONTROVERSIAL BULL-FIGHTER IN ALL OF SPAIN! HIS MASTERY OF THE BULLS WAS UNQUESTIONED, BUT..."

ANOTHER VICTORY FOR ELOGANTO!



"...HIS CRUELTY, AND HIS BRUTALITY TOWARDS THE BULLS MADE THE CROWDS HATE HIM! IN FACT, DURING HIS LAST PUBLIC APPEARANCE, THE AUDIENCE ACTUALLY WAS HEARD TO CHEER FOR THE BULL!"

VIVA EL TORO!

LEAVE THE ARENA, MATADOR!

OLE, TORO!

TORO!! TORO!!



"THIS SO INFURIATED THE TEMPERAMENTAL MATADOR, THAT HE TURNED TO HURL AN EPITHET BACK AT THE JEERING CROWD! AND THAT WAS HIS GREATEST MISTAKE!"

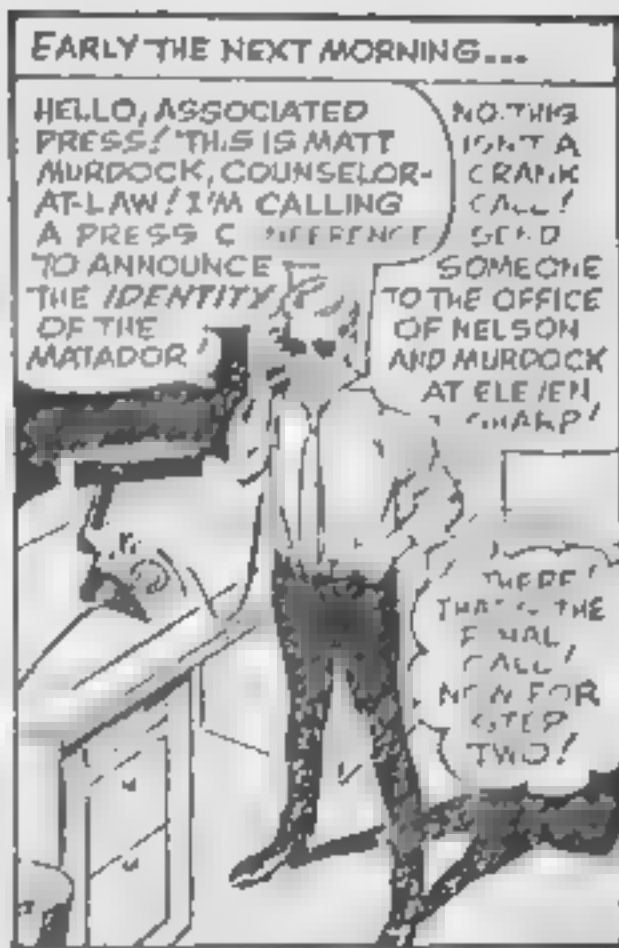
PEASANTS! BRAVLESS ONES! EVEN THE BULL HAS MORE COURAGE, MORE INTELLIGENCE THAN THOSE WHO MOCK ME!



"FOR THEN,
DISASTER
STRUCK!"

"MANUEL ELOGANTO WAS
RUSHED TO THE NEAREST
HOSPITAL, WHERE PROMPT
MEDICAL ATTENTION SAVED
HIS LIFE! BUT, HE WAS HEARD
TO BLAME HIS INJURIES ON
HIS FELLOW MAN, AND TO
VOW REVENGE UPON ALL
MANKIND! THEN, AFTER HIS
RELEASE, HE *DISAPPEARED!*"

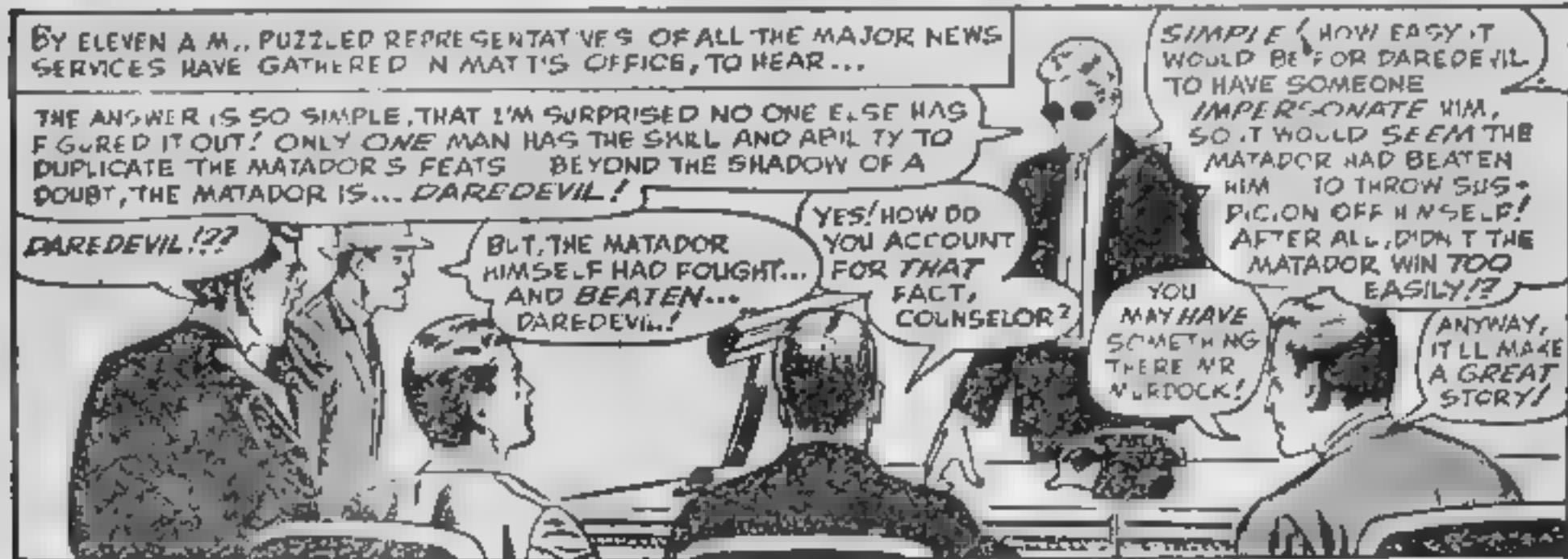
NOW
I KNOW WHO
MY ENEMY IS!



HELLO, ASSOCIATED
PRESS! THIS IS MATT
MURDOCK, COUNSELOR-
AT-LAW! I'M CALLING
A PRESS CONFERENCE
TO ANNOUNCE
THE *IDENTITY*
OF THE
MATADOR!

NO THIS
ISN'T A
CRANK
CALL!
SEND
SOMEONE
TO THE OFFICE
OF NELSON
AND MURDOCK
AT ELEVEN
CHAMP!

THERE!
THAT'S THE
FINAL
CALL!
NOW FOR
STEP
TWO!



BY ELEVEN A.M., PUZZLED REPRESENTATIVES OF ALL THE MAJOR NEWS
SERVICES HAVE GATHERED IN MATT'S OFFICE, TO HEAR...

THE ANSWER IS SO SIMPLE, THAT I'M SURPRISED NO ONE ELSE HAS
FIGURED IT OUT! ONLY ONE MAN HAS THE SKILL AND ABILITY TO
DUPLICATE THE MATADOR'S FEATS! BEYOND THE SHADOW OF A
DOUBT, THE MATADOR IS... *DAREDEVIL!*

DAREDEVIL!??

BUT, THE MATADOR
HIMSELF HAD FOUGHT...
AND *BEATEN...*
DAREDEVIL!

YES! HOW DO
YOU ACCOUNT
FOR THAT
FACT,
COUNSELOR?

SIMPLE! HOW EASY IT
WOULD BE FOR DAREDEVIL
TO HAVE SOMEONE
IMPERSONATE HIM,
SO IT WOULD SEEM THE
MATADOR HAD BEATEN
HIM TO THROW SUS-
PICION OFF HIMSELF!
AFTER ALL, DIDN'T THE
MATADOR WIN TOO
EASILY!?

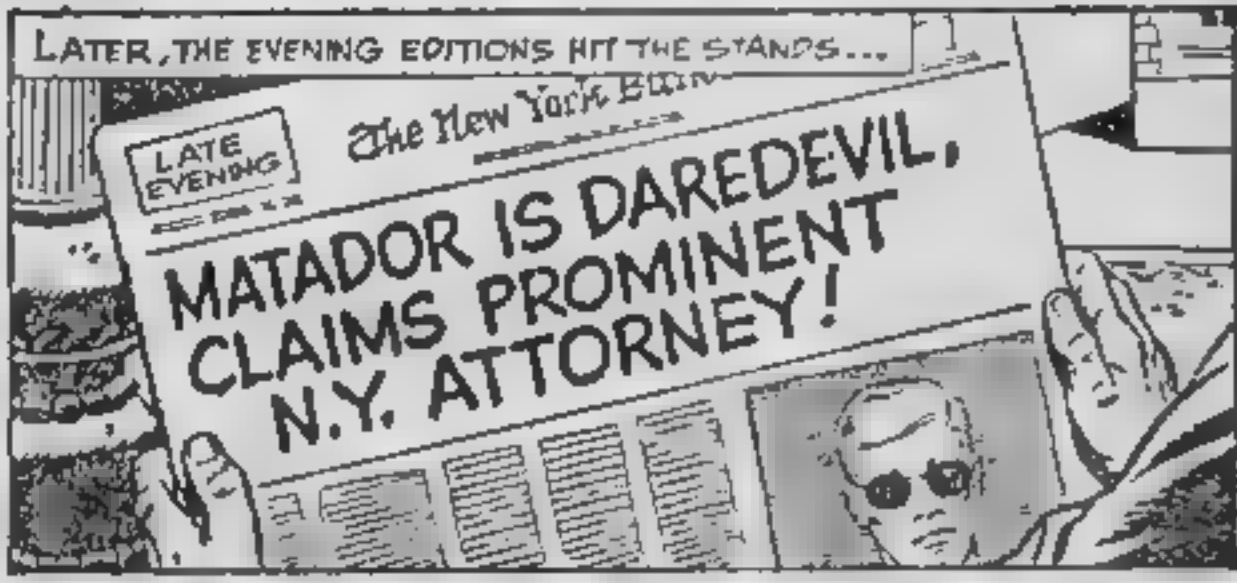
YOU
MAY HAVE
SOMETHING
THERE MR
MURDOCK!

ANYWAY,
IT'LL MAKE
A GREAT
STORY!



THEN, AFTER THE
NEWSMEN HAVE
LEFT...

IF I HAVE
JUDGED THE
MATADOR
CORRECTLY,
ALL I NEED
DO NOW IS
WAIT!



LATER, THE EVENING EDITIONS HIT THE STANDS...

LATE
EVENING
The New York Blade
**MATADOR IS DAREDEVIL,
CLAIMS PROMINENT
N.Y. ATTORNEY!**



AND, WITHIN
MINUTES...

MATT! WHAT GOT INTO YOU?? WHY
WOULD YOU ISSUE A PUBLIC STATEMENT
LIKE THAT?? WHAT DO YOU KNOW
ABOUT THE MATADOR... OR ABOUT
DAREDEVIL, EITHER, FOR THAT
MATTER??

I'M
ENTITLED TO
MY OPINION,
FOGGY!



BUT YOU'RE A PARTNER IN OUR LAW FIRM! WHATEVER YOU SAY OR DO REFLECTS UPON NELSON AND MURDOCK! YOU SHOULD CONSULT ME BEFORE YOU HOLD A NEWS CONFERENCE!

PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, FOGGY! BUT I MEANT NO HARM! I'LL ASK YOU TO TRUST ME! I HAD MY REASONS FOR WHAT I DID!

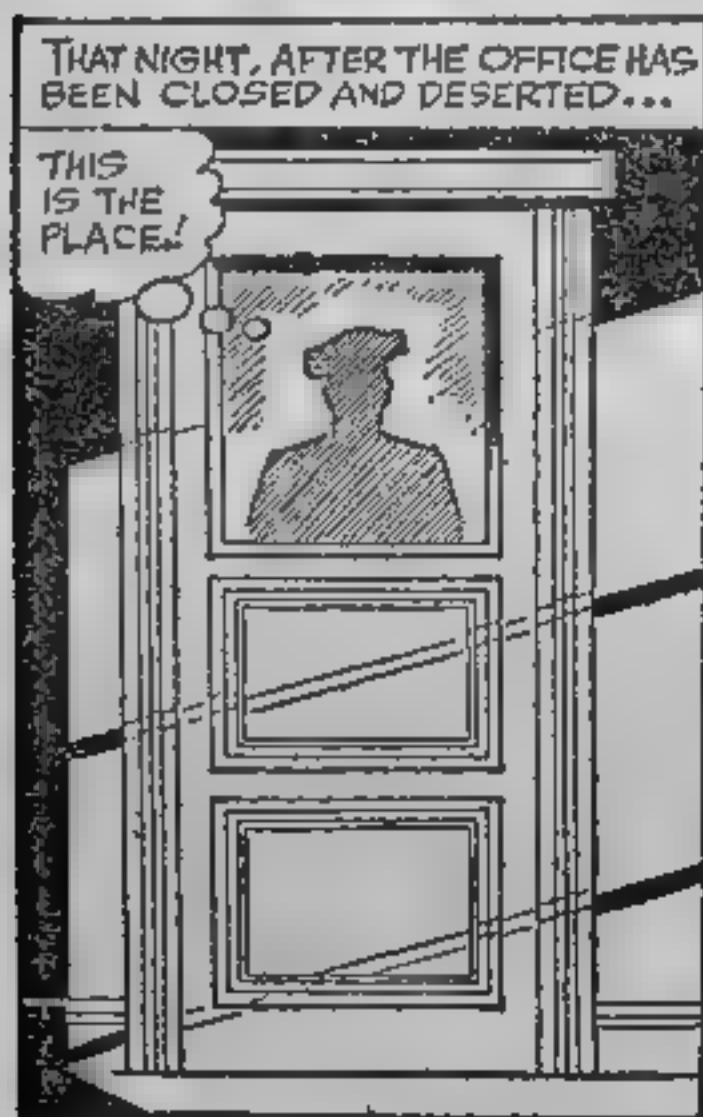
WELL, I'LL ADMIT YOU'VE BEEN THE BRAINS OF THIS COMBO TILL NOW SO I'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU! BUT I STILL CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOUR MOTIVES!

AND IT'S LUCKY FOR ME YOU CAN'T!



BY THE WAY, FOGGY... DID YOU... DID YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND ABOUT... KAREN?

I HOPED YOU WOULDN'T ASK, MATT! NO, I... I JUST COULDN'T MUSTER UP THE NERVE!



THAT NIGHT, AFTER THE OFFICE HAS BEEN CLOSED AND DESERTED...

THIS IS THE PLACE!



MURDOCK! ARE YOU HERE? SHOW YOURSELF! THIS IS THE MATADOR!



YOU DARE TRY TO STEAL MY GLORY... MY FAME?? YOU DARE GIVE THE CREDIT TO DAREDEVIL! YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT, MURDOCK!

HOW DISAPPOINTING! HE IS NOT HERE!

YOU ARE RIGHT, MATADOR! ...MURDOCK IS GONE!



BUT WILL I DO?

DAREDEVIL!!!



NOW I SEE IT! THAT STORY IN THE PAPER WAS A PLANT... A RUSE TO BRING ME HERE! YOU MUST BE IN LEAGUE WITH THE LAWYER MURDOCK!

BUT HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN SO SOON HOW I BEAT YOU TWICE?? THIS TIME SHALL BE THE LAST... FOR MY PATIENCE HAS COME TO AN END!!

IT WILL BE OUR FINAL FIGHT, MATADOR... BUT THE RESULT MAY BE DIFFERENT THAN YOU EXPECT!

THERE ARE NO OTHER NOISES... I COULD USE ME NOW! IT'S JUST THE TWO OF US... MY SENSES AGAINST HIS SKILLS TO THE FINISH, I NEED BE!



DAREDEVIL IS FASTER THAN I THOUGHT! I BARELY AVOIDED HIS LUNGE!



BUT THE BULLS TOO ARE FAST... AND NEVER HAS ONE BEATEN ME, WHILE I WAS LOOKING!

COME, TORO! OLE! OLE! CLOSER... CLOSER! TCHKK TCHKK!



HAH! YOU ARE CLUMSY, TORO!



THE GREAT DAREDEVIL! HE IS HIS OWN WORST ENEMY! IT IS TO LAUGH!

HE DOESN'T REALIZE I PURPOSELY DID THIS! I CAN FIGHT BETTER OUTSIDE, WHERE I HAVE ROOM TO RUN, AND LEAP, AND SWING! NOW TO GET HIM TO FOLLOW ME!

YOU HAVEN'T BEATEN ME YET! I'LL ESCAPE AND REACH THE POLICE! YOU CAN'T STOP ME!



FOOL! YOU'LL GET NO FURTHER THAN THE NEXT LANDING! I'LL SEE TO THAT!

GOOD! IT'S LUCKY HE'S EASY TO TAUNT!



AH, MY FEARFUL ONE! EVEN THE BULLS HAVE MORE COURAGE THAN YOU! NEVER DID THEY FLEE ME WITH SUCH ABJECT COWARDICE!

PERFECT! HE'S GROWING DANGEROUSLY OVERCONFIDENT! DANGEROUSLY FOR HIM!



WHAT! YOU THINK TO CHALLENGE MY SWORDSMANSHIP WITH A MERE WOODEN STICK?!

AND I'LL DRAW MY WEAPON!

HAS YOUR COMEDY PANG CAUSED YOU TO TAKE LEAVE OF YOUR SENSES?



HE'D THINK I WAS REALLY INSANE IF HE KNEW I'M ATTEMPTING TO DEFEAT HIM WITHOUT BENEFIT OF SIGHT!

BUT, TO MY HYPER-SENSITIVE EARS, HIS BLADE WHIPPING ABOUT CAUSES AIR CURRENTS WHICH ARE LIKE LOUD RADAR BLIPS TO ME!

SO! NOW YOU TURN AND ATTEMPT TO FIGHT! GOOD! IT SHALL MAKE MY VICTORY THE MORE SATISFYING!

LOOK! DAREDEVIL... AND THE MATADOR!



QUICKLY! LET'S RUN AND CALL THE POLICE!



I HEARD AN ONLOOKER SAY SHE'LL SEND FOR THE POLICE. I MUST SCORE A VICTORY BEFORE THEY ARRIVE! ONLY IN THAT WAY CAN I SHOW THE WORLD THAT DAREDEVIL CAN VANQUISH THE MATADOR!

THIS IS YOUR FINISH, DAREDEVIL! BY COVERING YOUR EYES WITH MY CAPE, I PREVENT YOU FROM SEEING MY BLADE! AND SO...I SHALL NOW DISARM YOU!

HE DOESN'T SUSPECT HOW USELESS MY EYES ARE TO ME! HIS BLINDING CAPE CANNOT AFFECT ME AT ALL!



HOLA!

YOU PARRIED MY THRUST! BUT...HOW?

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD YOU!



YOU WONDERED WHAT MY BILLY CLUB COULD DO AGAINST YOUR SWORD, MATADOR!

YES... AT THE VERY MISTAKE!



AND THEN, FOR THE SECOND TIME IN HIS SORDID CAREER, THE MATADOR TURNS HIS BACK UPON HIS ADVERSARY! BUT THIS TIME HE DOES IT IN UNCONTROLLABLE PANIC!

I MUST GET AWAY FROM HIM! HE CANNOT BE BEATEN! HIS POWER IS UNCANNY!

I HEAR HIS CAPE TRAILING BEHIND HIM AS HE RUNS! THAT'S HOW I'LL PREVENT HIM FROM REACHING THE FIRE-ESCAPE!



MOMENTARILY THROWN OFF BALANCE, THE MATADOR WAVERS AT THE EDGE OF THE ROOF FOR A SPLIT-SECOND, UNTIL...

THAT'S IT, ELEGANTO... FALL BACK... RIGHT INTO MY WAITING ARMS!

WHERE IS YOUR CRY OF AY TORO, NOW?

WHERE ARE YOUR DISDAINFUL HOLAS... OR YOUR OTHER SNEERING TALNTS?

NO! NO MORE! STOP! DON'T... OHHHH!

WHUMP!

AND WHERE IS YOUR MUCH-HERALDED COURAGE, MATADOR?? OR IS IT ONLY SOMETHING TO BE DISPLAYED WHEN ALL THE ODDS ARE IN YOUR FAVOR??

WH-WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO NOW??

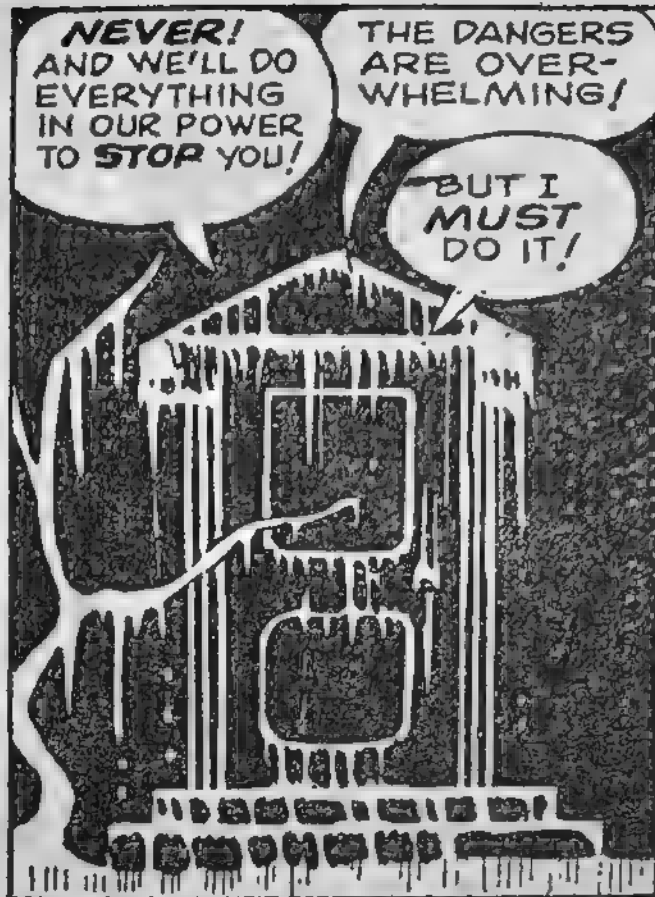
NOW?? NOW I SHALL END THIS ONE-SIDED DUEL... IN THE ONLY WAY IT CAN BE ENDED...



THE WORLD BEYOND



Steve
Ditko



MY DISCOVERY WORKED ON PLANT LIFE AND REDUCED IT INTO NOTHINGNESS! I'M POSITIVE IT WILL WORK ON **ANIMAL** LIFE AS WELL, BUT I MUST MAKE ONE FINAL TEST BEFORE I MYSELF TRY IT!



HELLO, CRACKERS! COME ON, BOY, I **NEED** YOU!



THIS WON'T HURT! **SWALLOW!** THAT'S A GOOD DOG!



IT'S WORKING! EVEN FASTER THAN IT WORKED ON THE PLANT!



... NO MATTER HOW SMALL HE BECOMES, HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE **HARMED** IN ANY WAY!



I CAN NO LONGER **SEE** HIM!! HE IS -- **GONE!!** AND NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS IS FOR ME TO **FOLLOW** HIM... TO DISCOVER **WHERE** HE HAS GONE TO!



NO TIME TO LOSE! I HEAR MY COLLEAGUES POUNDING ON THE DOOR! I MUST TAKE THE **PILL** NOW!



IT IS **DONE!!**

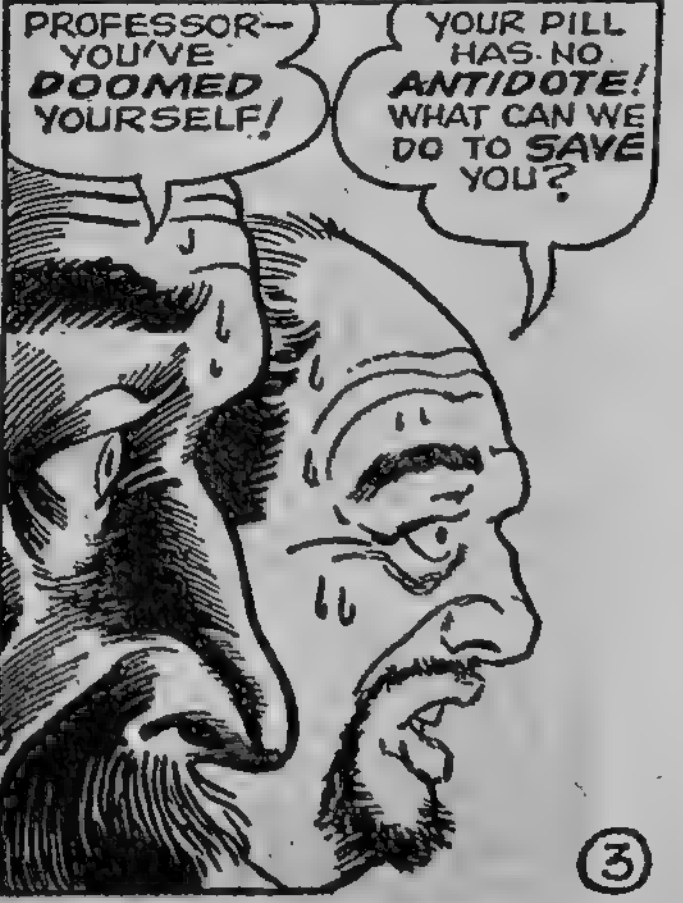
PROFESSOR, **STOP!**

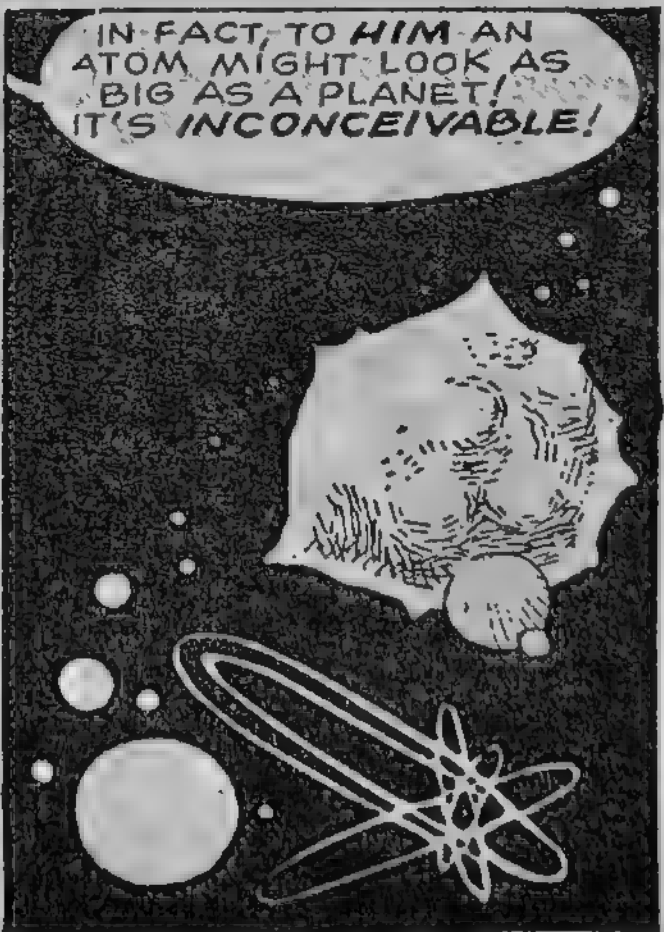
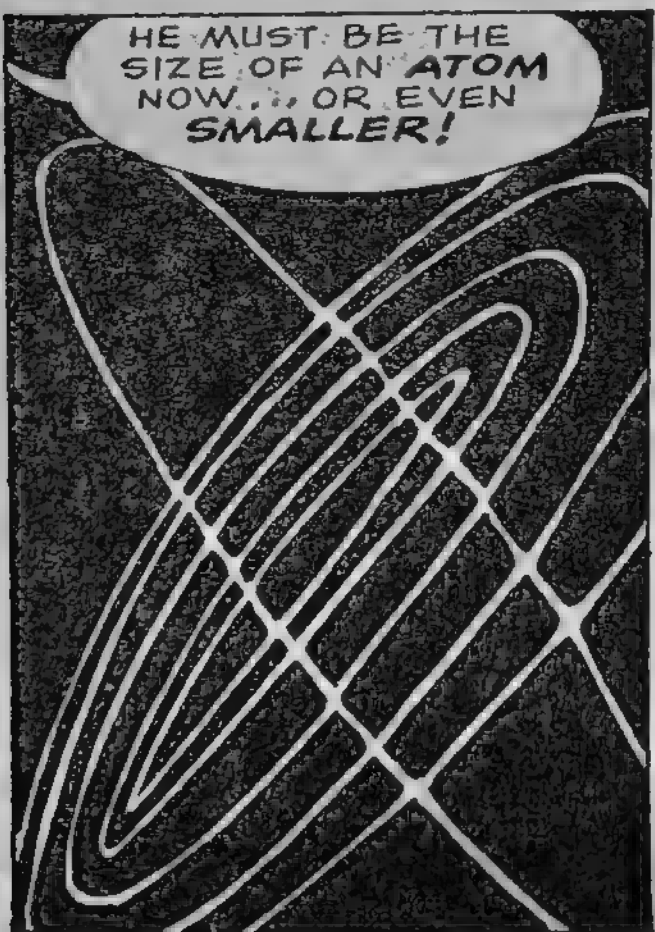
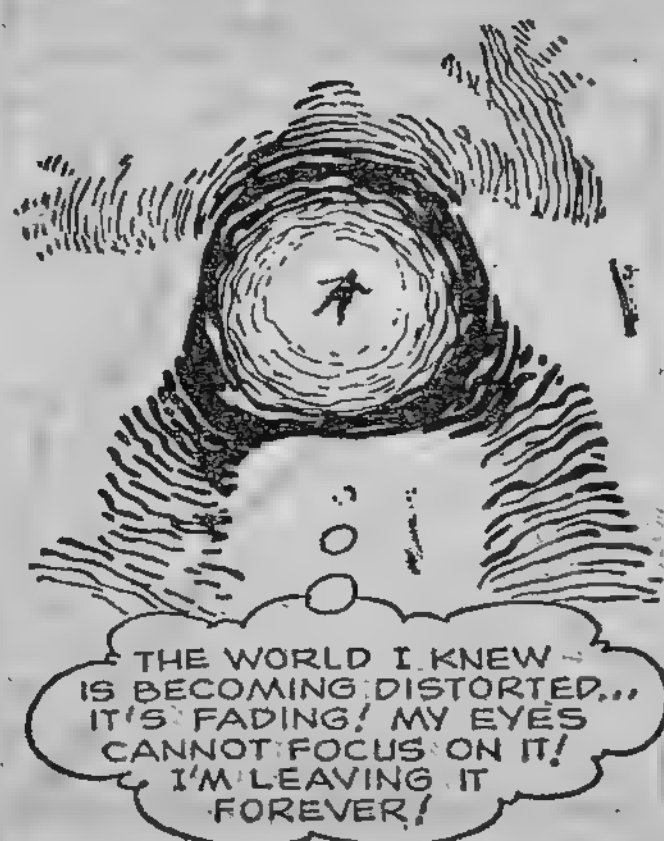
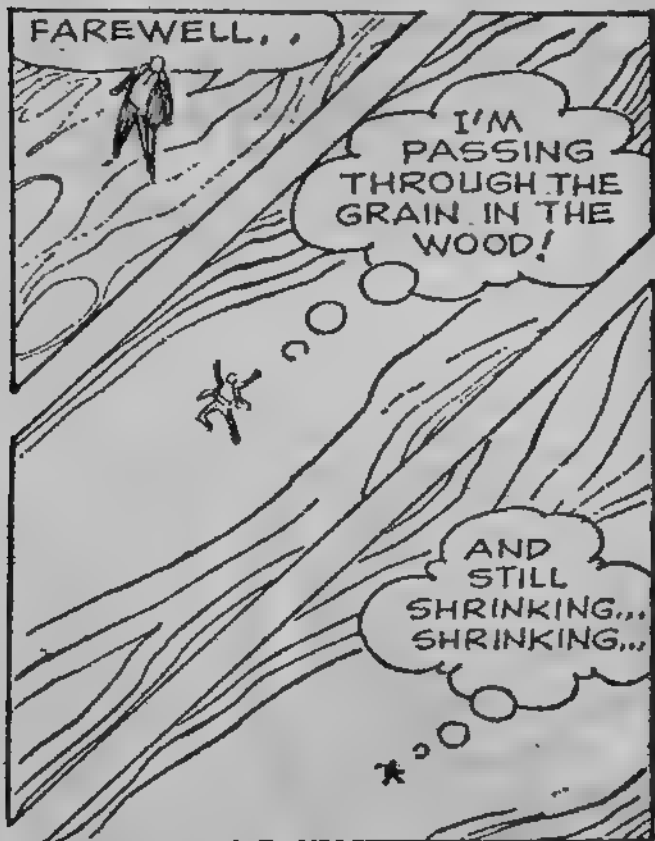
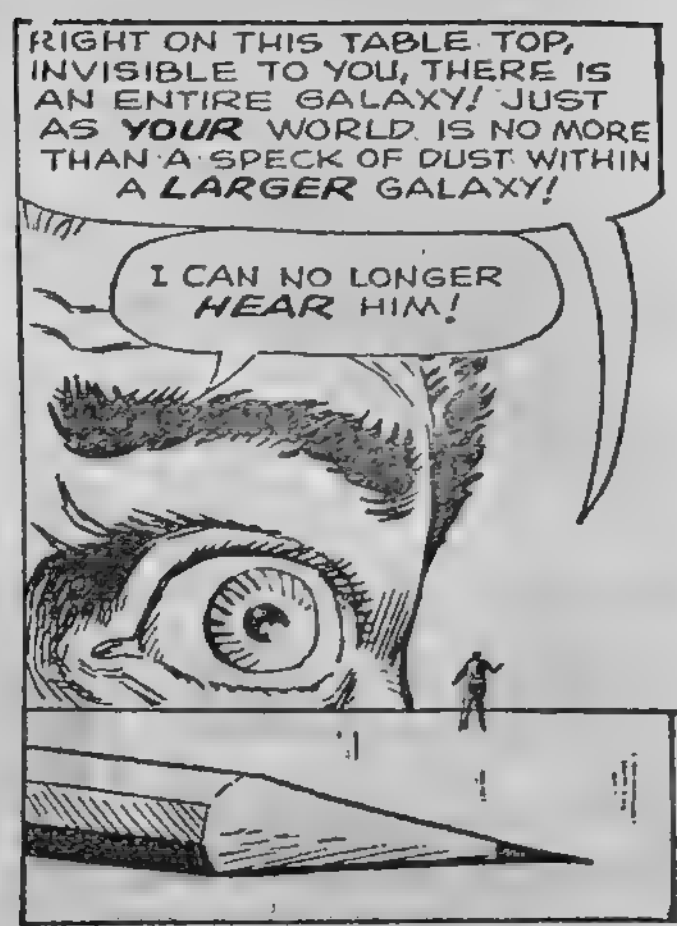
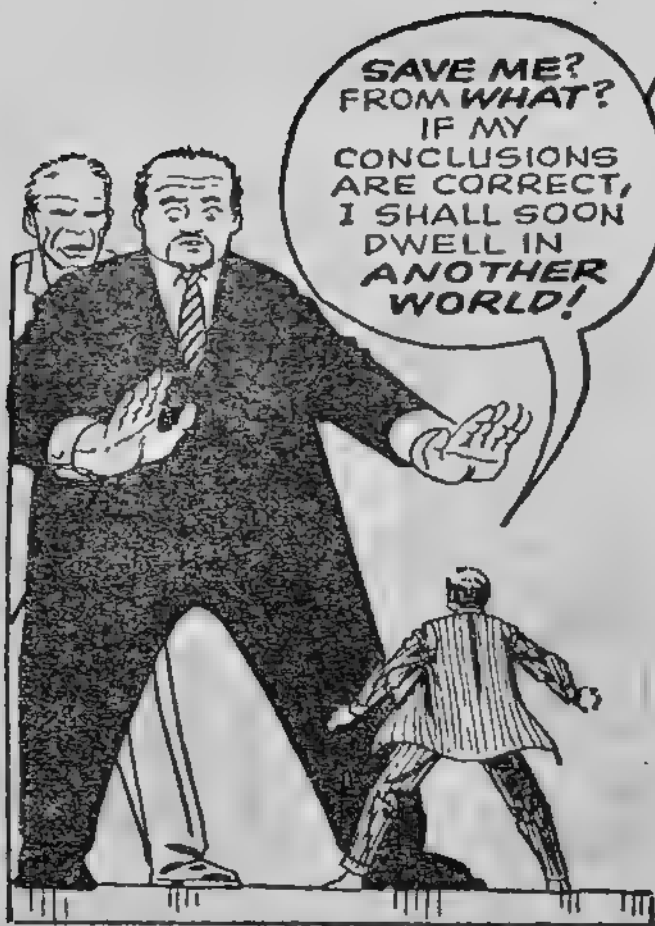
WE'RE TOO LATE!



PROFESSOR-- YOU'VE **DOOMED** YOURSELF!

YOUR PILL HAS NO **ANTIDOTE!** WHAT CAN WE DO TO **SAVE** YOU?







I-- I MUST
HAVE **BLACKED**
OUT!



WHERE CAN I BE?
I DON'T **FEEL** ANY
SMALLER! THAT
NO BE! IT SOUNDS
LIKE--



CRACKERS!!
IS IT REALLY
YOU??



YOU'RE NOT L. JPT! YOU'VE
ALL RIGHT?? GOOD, BOY!
NOW -- NOW TO FIND OUT
WHERE WE ARE!



IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!
WE'RE IN A CITY -- A
CROWDED METROPOLIS!
BUT-- BUT THIS WORLD
IS SMALLER THAN AN
ATOM COMPARED TO
OUR ORIGINAL HOME!

I WAS **RIGHT!**
I WAS
RIGHT!



MY FRIEND, YOU **CAN'T** BE SERIOUS!

I AM! I TELL YOU THERE **MUST**
BE OTHER UNIVERSES! LARGER, AND
SMALLER THAN
OUR OWN EARTH!
GALAXIES WE
DON'T EVEN
DREAM
EXIST!

EARTH!
THAT MUST
BE THE
NAME OF THIS
MICROSCOPIC
WORLD!!



FOR ALL WE KNOW, EVERY GRAIN OF DUST
CONTAINS ITS OWN COMPLETE UNIVERSE!
A UNIVERSE TOO SMALL FOR US TO CONCEIVE OF!

PERHAPS--
BUT YOU'LL
NEVER BE ABLE
TO **PROVE** IT!

AMERICAN
SCIENTIFIC
INSTITUTE



YES I **WILL!**
BY INVENTING
A POTION THAT
WILL REDUCE
A HUMAN
BEING UNTIL
HE CAN
REACH SUCH
A WORLD!

I WAS **RIGHT!** AND **HE** IS
RIGHT! BUT--ONE THOUGHT
STAGGERS ME! WHERE
DID IT ALL **BEGIN?** AND
WHERE-- **WHERE** DOES
IT **END???**

OR, WHAT IF
THERE IS

NO **END!**

WAS HE A MAN...OR SOMETHING AMAZING, UNSPEAKABLE?
DISCOVER THE BREATHLESS ANSWER FOR YOURSELF, IN THE
STRANGE STORY CALLED...

"MY SON *the* CREATURE!"

STORY:
SHANE O'SHEA
ART:
PAUL REINMAN

FOR THE THIRD TIME THAT WEEK, EVE GORDON
STOOD PLEADING AT THE DOOR OF DR. PHINEAS
TRIMBLE! ONCE MORE, THE OLD MAN'S ANSWER
WAS THE SAME...

BUT DR. TRIMBLE, I HAVEN'T
HEARD FROM JEREMY FOR WEEKS NOW!
A MAN JUST DOESN'T DISAPPEAR LIKE
THAT! YOU MUST TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED
TO HIM...

MY CHILD YOU
MUST FORGET JEREMY!
HE'LL NEVER COME
BACK! IT'S
HOPELESS
...HOPE-
LESS!

BUT THIS TIME, EVE HAD HAD ENOUGH OF TRIMBLE'S
EVASIONS! HER SUSPICIONS WERE AROUSED...

EVE, TAKE MY
ADVICE... PUT
JEREMY OUT OF
YOUR HEART!
HE WASN'T FOR
YOU... HE WAS...
DIFFERENT...

MAYBE THAT'S WHAT ATTRACTED
ME! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO
JEREMY--YOU'RE
HEARING THE
TRUTH! I'M
GOING
TO THE
POLICE!

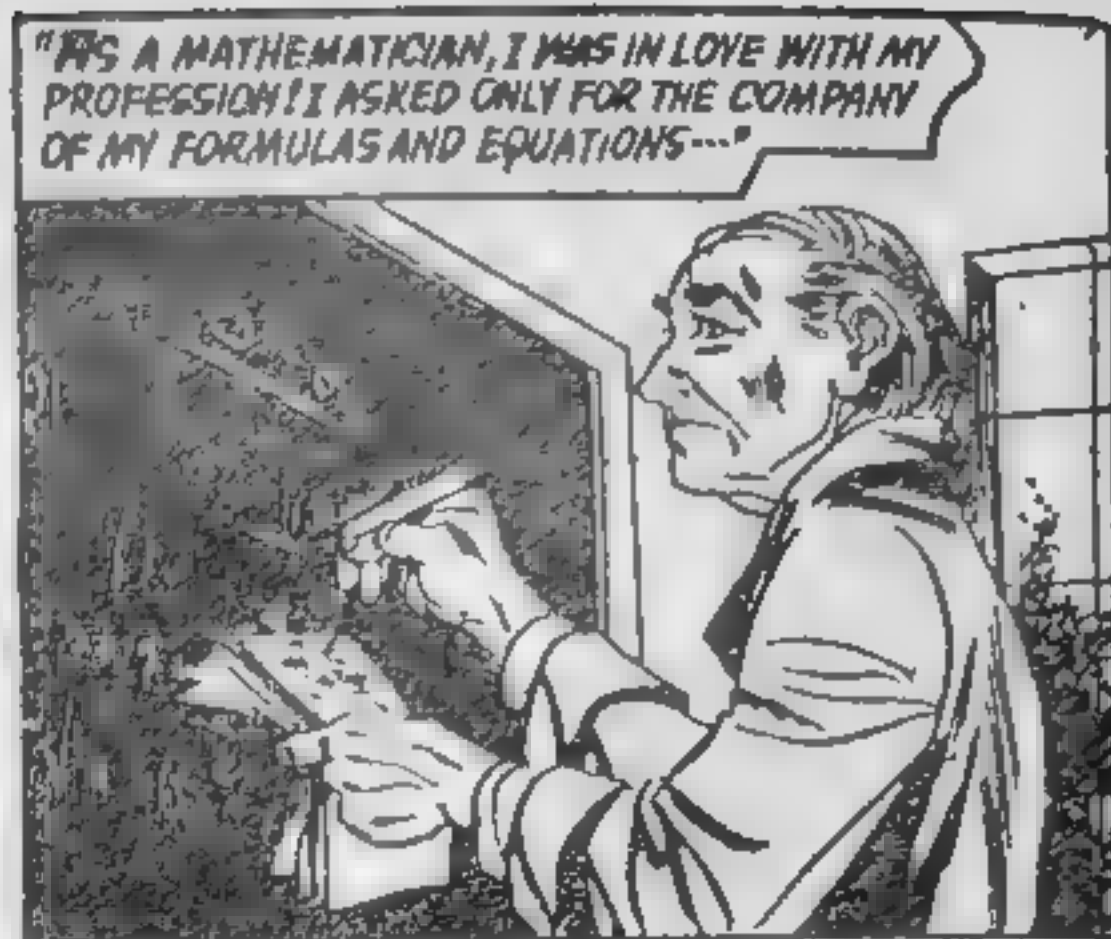
IT WAS LATE THAT NIGHT THAT THE POLICE CAME!
WHEN THEY BROKE IN, THEY FOUND OLD PHINEAS
BABBLING OVER A TANGLED MESS OF WIRES AND
RODS...

JEREMY!
JEREMY! IF
ONLY I HAD
MORE TIME!

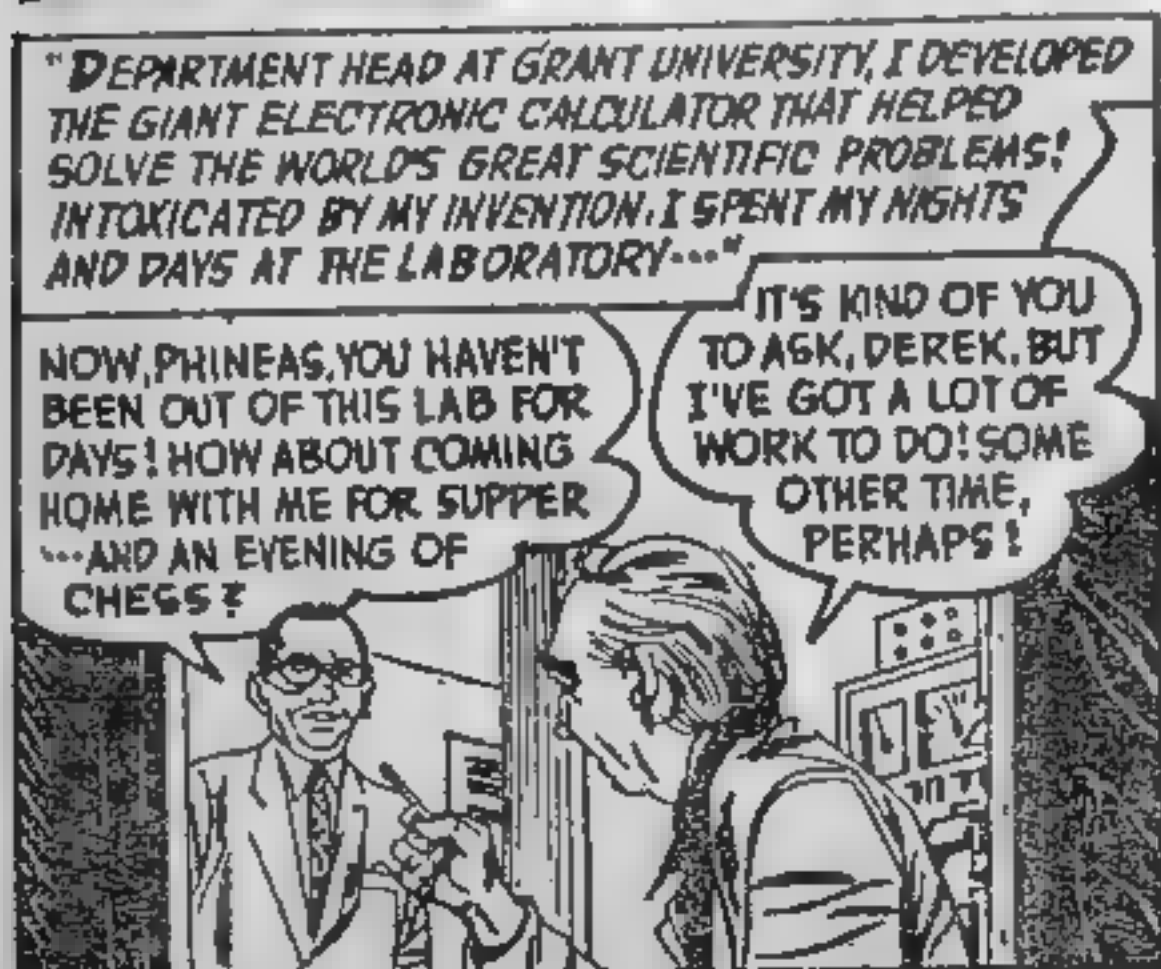


DR. TRIMBLE, WE'VE HAD A REPORT THAT YOUR SON JEREMY HAS VANISHED! HAVE YOU ANY EXPLANATION FOR HIS DISAPPEARANCE?

EXPLANATION? YES, GENTLEMEN. THERE IS AN EXPLANATION! SIT DOWN AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO JEREMY!



"AS A MATHEMATICIAN, I WAS IN LOVE WITH MY PROFESSION! I ASKED ONLY FOR THE COMPANY OF MY FORMULAS AND EQUATIONS..."



"DEPARTMENT HEAD AT GRANT UNIVERSITY, I DEVELOPED THE GIANT ELECTRONIC CALCULATOR THAT HELPED SOLVE THE WORLD'S GREAT SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS! INTOXICATED BY MY INVENTION, I SPENT MY NIGHTS AND DAYS AT THE LABORATORY..."

NOW, PHINEAS, YOU HAVEN'T BEEN OUT OF THIS LAB FOR DAYS! HOW ABOUT COMING HOME WITH ME FOR SUPPER...AND AN EVENING OF CHESS?

IT'S KIND OF YOU TO ASK, DEREK, BUT I'VE GOT A LOT OF WORK TO DO! SOME OTHER TIME, PERHAPS!



"BUT ALMOST BEFORE I KNEW IT, I WAS APPROACHING THE AGE OF RETIREMENT! SOMEHOW MY DAYS WERE LONELY NOW! AND HOW I ENVIED MY FRIEND DEREK GORDON..."

DEREK...HE'S THE LUCKY ONE...A WIFE--A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG DAUGHTER! AND I...I HAVE **ROTHINS!**



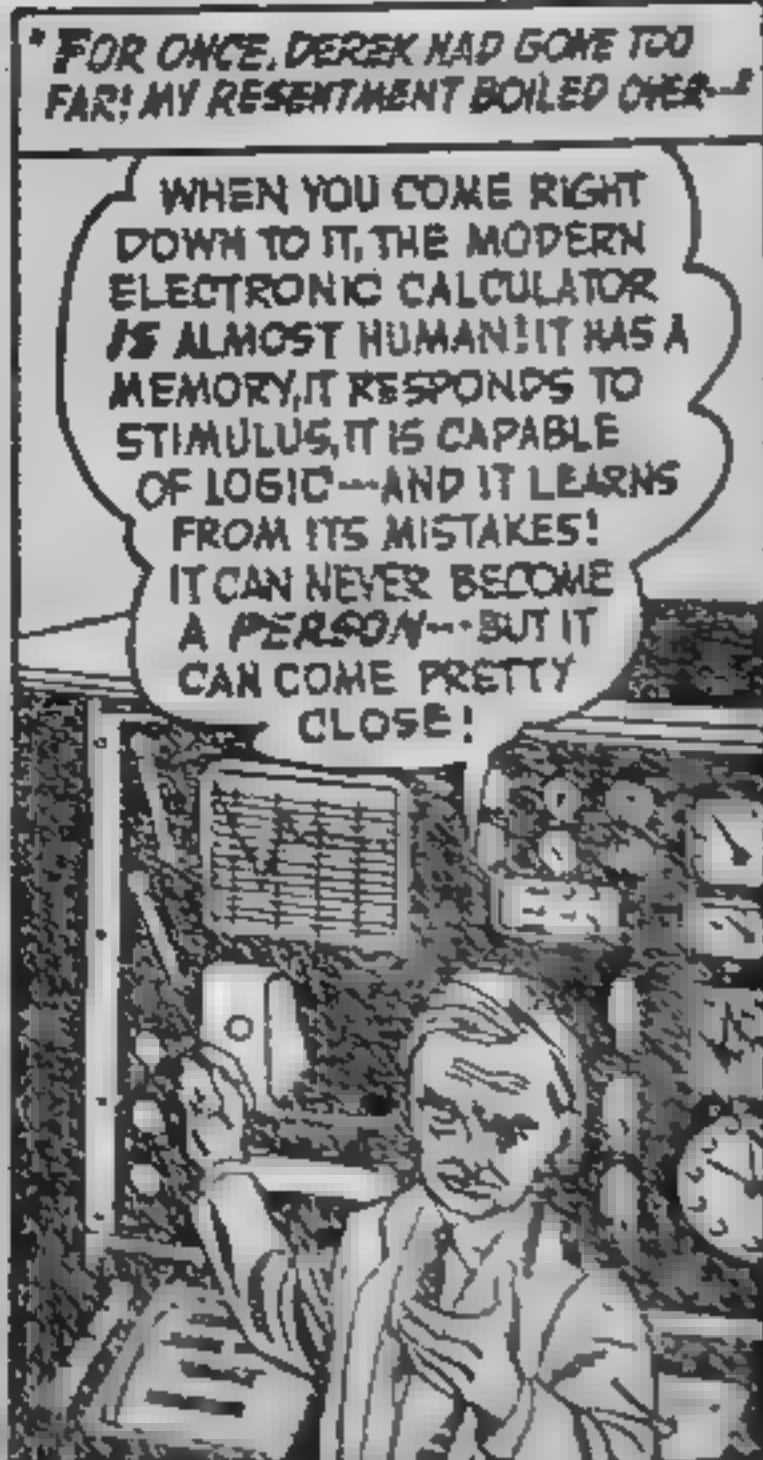
"OH, DEREK AND I WERE STILL FRIENDS, BUT THERE WERE TIMES WHEN I BEGAN TO RESENT HIM! FOR ME, HIS HUMOROUS QUIPS HAD HIDDEN BARBS..."

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, PHINEAS, YOU TALK ABOUT THOSE CALCULATORS OF YOURS AS IF THEY WERE **PEOPLE!** ALL THE CARE AND DEVOTION YOU LAVISH ON THOSE MACHINES...AND WHAT DO YOU GET IN RETURN?



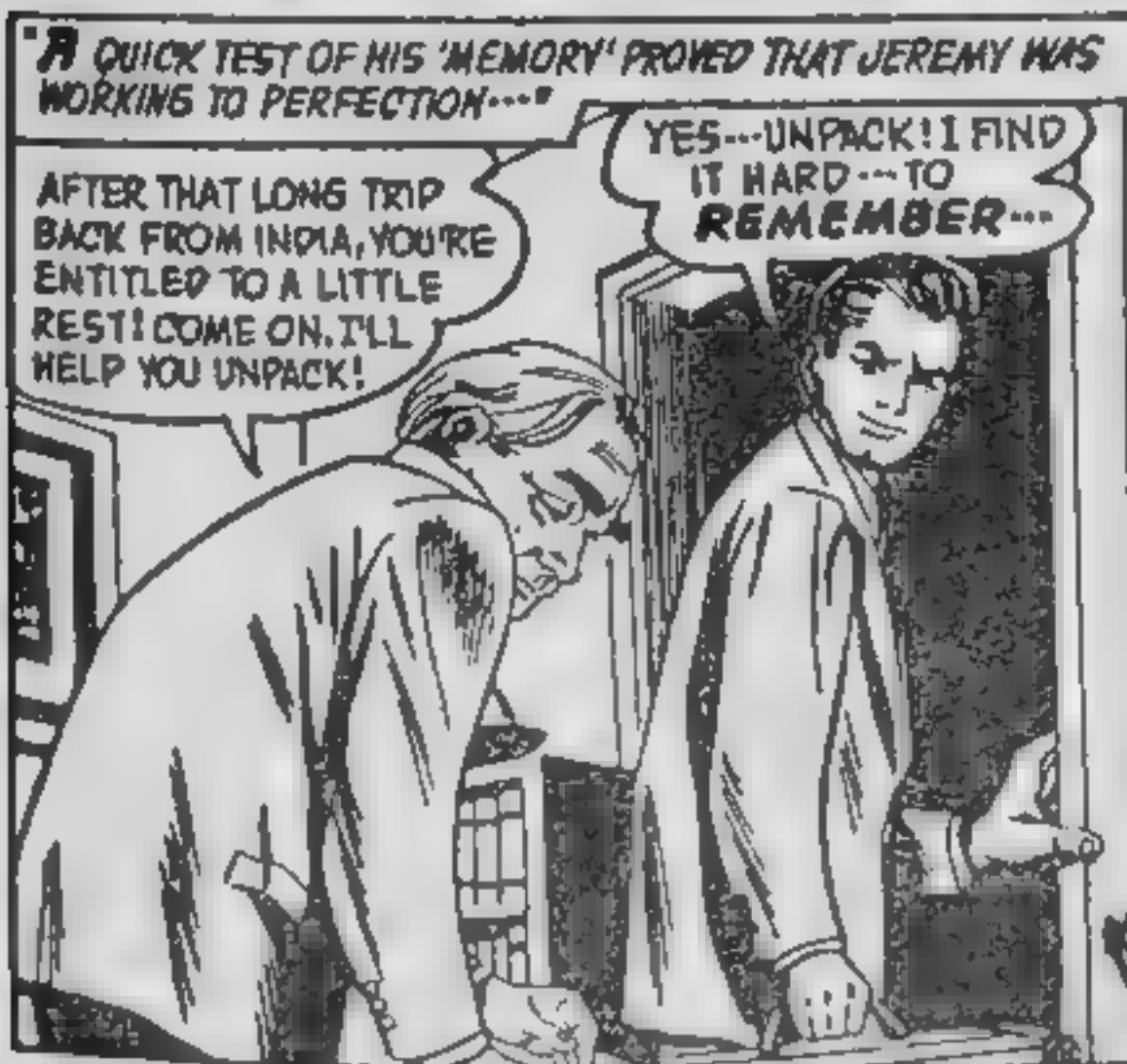
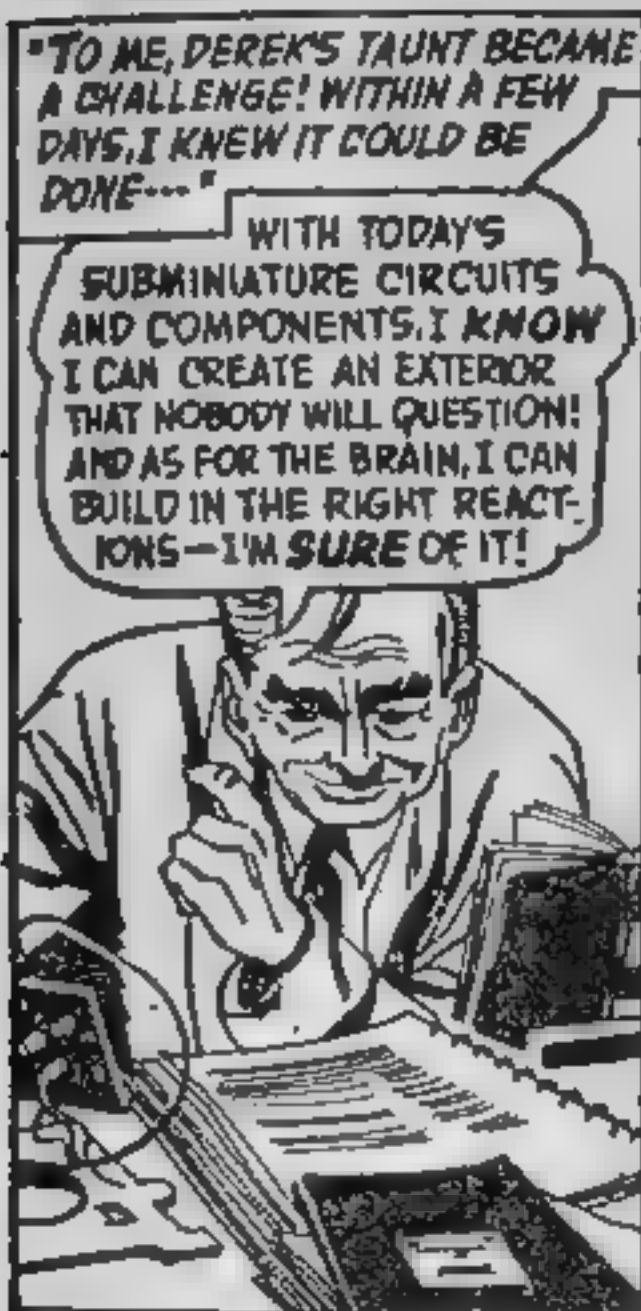
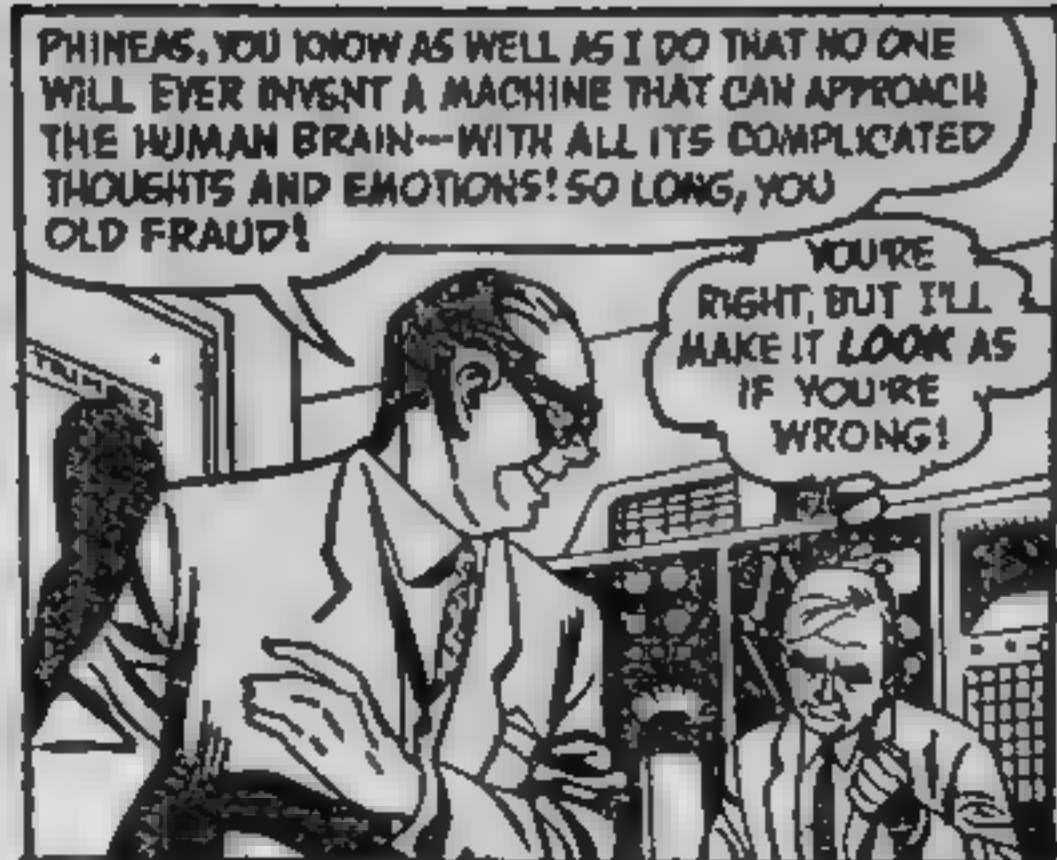
A LONELY OLD AGE... WITHOUT THE LOVE AND AFFECTION OF A FAMILY! SURROUNDED BY ELECTRONIC ROBOTS...

NOW HOLD ON THERE, DEREK!



"FOR ONCE, DEREK HAD GONE TOO FAR! MY RESENTMENT BOILED OVER..."

WHEN YOU COME RIGHT DOWN TO IT, THE MODERN ELECTRONIC CALCULATOR **IS** ALMOST HUMAN! IT HAS A MEMORY, IT RESPONDS TO STIMULUS, IT IS CAPABLE OF LOGIC--AND IT LEARNS FROM ITS MISTAKES! IT CAN NEVER BECOME A **PERSON**--BUT IT CAN COME PRETTY CLOSE!



"I KEPT HIM WITH ME IN THE HOUSE FOR THE NEXT TWO DAYS, CHECKING HIS RESPONSES TO ENVIRONMENT, TO MEMORY AND SITUATIONS! THE QUICK RESPONSES AND SEEMING INTELLIGENCE I HAD BUILT INTO HIS CIRCUITS WERE FUNCTIONING SMOOTHLY! NOW...I WAS READY TO SHOW HIM TO THE WORLD!"

JOIN ME IN A STROLL, SON?

A STROLL...YES! I SEE...OTHER PEOPLE DOING THAT...



"STRANGE, THOUGH HE WAS AN ANDROID A ROBOT, YET SOMEHOW I APPRECIATED THE FEELING OF HAVING SOMEONE...OR SOMETHING...OF MY OWN..."

THINGS ARE COMING EASIER TO ME NOW...ALMOST AS IF I'M PRACTICING! I WISH I COULD GET OVER MY STRANGE IDEA OF BEING DIFFERENT THAN OTHERS, THOUGH...

NONSENSE, MY BOY! JUST KEEP WATCHING THE PEOPLE AROUND YOU...AND REMEMBER YOU'VE GOT TO BE THE SAME AS THEY!



"IT WAS DURING THAT STROLL THAT WE MET DEREK GORDON AND HIS LOVELY DAUGHTER EVE! CHUCKLING TO MYSELF, I INTRODUCED THEM TO JEREMY..."

DEREK, EVE, I WANT YOU TO MEET MY SON JEREMY! JEREMY, THIS IS MY DEAR FRIEND DEREK GORDON AND HIS DAUGHTER EVE!

YOUR... YOUR SON?



"I HAD VOWED THAT I COULD CREATE A MACHINE THAT WOULD APPEAR EXACTLY LIKE A HUMAN! TO DEREK, JEREMY WAS HUMAN! THAT WAS THE CREAM OF THE JEST!"

FRANKLY, I'M ASTONISHED, PHINEAS... YOU'D NEVER MENTIONED HAVING A SON BEFORE...

I'VE BEEN ABROAD, SIR... IN INDIA ON BUSINESS, AND I'VE JUST RETURNED!



"EVE'S RESPONSE TO JEREMY WAS WARM AND EASER. OBVIOUSLY, MY 'SON' HAD CAPTURED HER FANCY..."

IN INDIA! HOW ROMANTIC! YOU MUST TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT, MR. TRIMBLE.

I'D... BE GLAD TO, EVE!



"THAT MOMENT WAS MY TRIUMPH. JEREMY WAS IN A WORLD OF HIS OWN, COMPLETELY UNAWARE OF ME AND YET FUNCTIONING PERFECTLY..."

LOOK AT HIM...IT'S AS IF HE WERE A LIVING CREATURE...AND I'LL BET THAT GIRL THINKS HE'S A DARNED ATTRACTIVE ONE!



"BUT AS WE CONTINUED OUR STROLL TOGETHER, I FELT THE FIRST STRANGE TWINGE OF DISQUIET..."

I KNOW JUST WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, PHINEAS. THEY DO MAKE A HANDSOME COUPLE, DON'T THEY?

YES... ER... A HANDSOME COUPLE—





"IT WAS EVE I WAS WORRIED ABOUT, OF COURSE...FOR HOW COULD SHE KNOW THAT HE WAS AN UNFEELING ROBOT?"

STRANGE THAT I FEEL NO ATTRACTION TOWARDS HER! DO YOU THINK...I SHOULD?"

IT'S THE GENERAL THING-- BUT IT'S NOTHING FOR YOU TO THINK ABOUT, JEREMY!



"BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING I HADN'T RECKONED WITH-- HIS DESIRE TO BE LIKE OTHERS! HE DIDN'T WANT TO BE DIFFERENT--"

IF ONLY I FELT MORE HUMAN! SOMETIMES I FEEL--LIKE I'M NOT LIKE OTHER PEOPLE! BUT EVE'S GOOD FOR ME--HER CHATTER, HER LAUGHS--

EVE? I SEE! WELL, DON'T COME BACK TOO LATE, SON!



"I WAS CONFUSED AND ANNOYED BY MY MIXED EMOTIONS. I HAD BEGUN TO ENJOY JEREMY'S COMPANIONSHIP, AND REGRETTED THE TIME HE SPENT WITH EVE GORDON."

BUT WHY SHOULD I FEEL JEALOUS? HE'S ONLY A MACHINE, A ROBOT!

ANYWAY, SHE CAN MEAN NOTHING TO HIM!



"AND THEN, ONE DAY--DISASTER STRUCK!"

DAD, THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU--EVE HAS CONFESSED THAT SHE'S IN LOVE WITH ME--

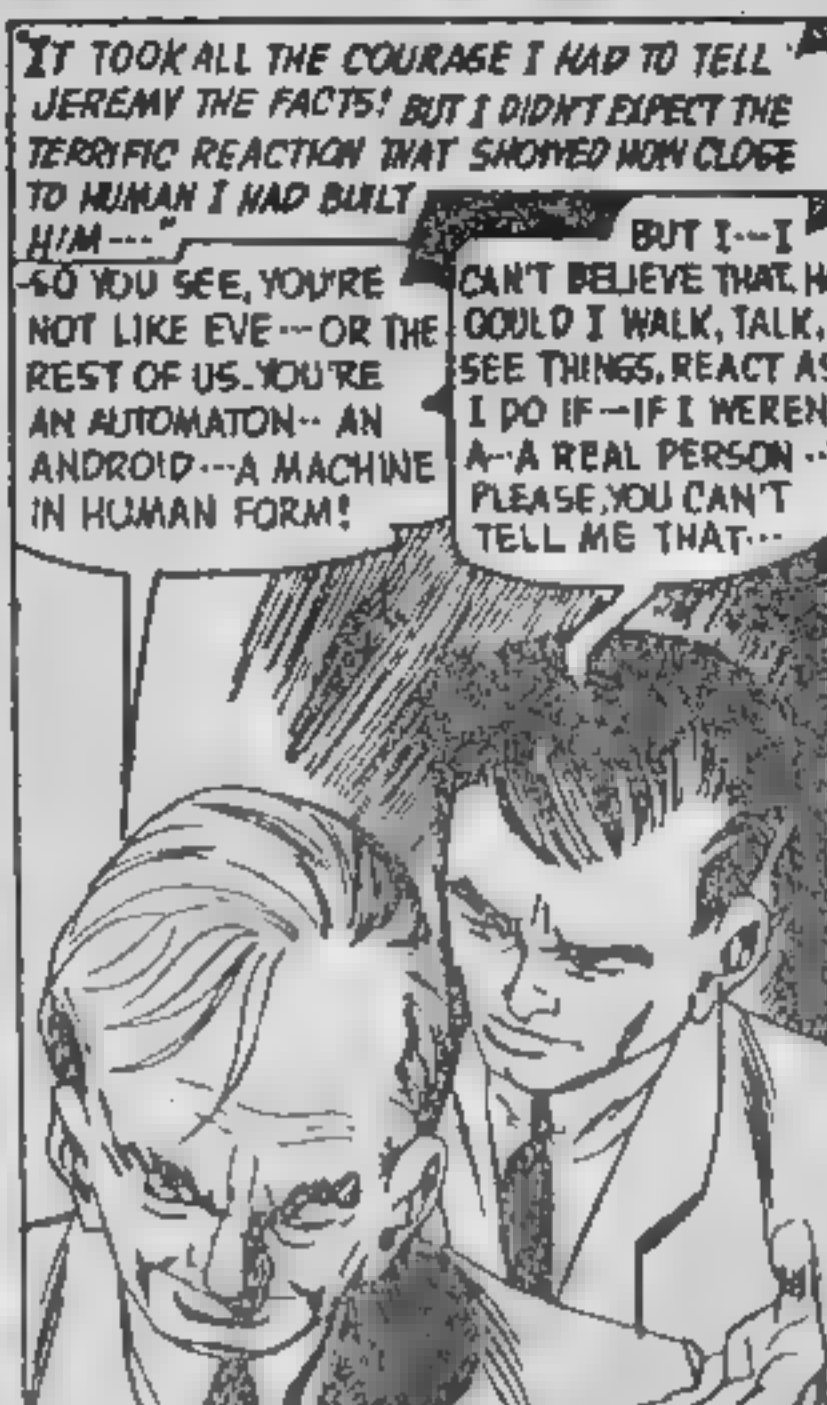
IN LOVE-- WITH YOU? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



"ALL AT ONCE, MY BRAIN WAS SPINNING IN A TURMOIL OF FURIOUS JEALOUSY. JEREMY WAS MINE--THE ONLY THING THAT I'D EVER LOVED, THE ONLY FAMILY I HAD..."

BUT ISN'T IT-- USUAL IN THIS SOCIETY? I COULD BE LIKE OTHERS! WHY IS IT-- IMPOSSIBLE?

I'VE GOT TO TELL HIM! HE MUST KNOW THE TRUTH-- IT'S THE ONLY WAY.



"IT TOOK ALL THE COURAGE I HAD TO TELL JEREMY THE FACTS! BUT I DIDN'T EXPECT THE TERRIFIC REACTION THAT SHOWED HOW CLOSE TO HUMAN I HAD BUILT HIM--"

SO YOU SEE, YOU'RE NOT LIKE EVE--OR THE REST OF US. YOU'RE AN AUTOMATON-- AN ANDROID--A MACHINE IN HUMAN FORM!

BUT I--I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT HOW COULD I WALK, TALK, SEE THINGS, REACT AS I DO IF--IF I WEREN'T A--A REAL PERSON--? PLEASE, YOU CAN'T TELL ME THAT--



JEREMY, WHAT I'M GOING TO DO IS CRUEL, BUT IT'S NECESSARY. IT WAS I WHO CREATED YOU--AND I'M GOING TO PROVE IT NOW!

HERE THEY ARE... THE PLANS AND DIAGRAMS OF THE CIRCUITS THAT I BUILT INTO YOU... THE BEHAVIOR PATTERNS, THE MEMORY BANKS...



"AS HE STARED AT ME IN DISBELIEF..."

YES, JEREMY, YOU ARE THE MOST AMAZING MACHINE EVER DEvised! YOUR BRAIN AND BODY ARE CAPABLE OF MILLIONS OF REACTIONS EACH SECOND...

BUT... WITH ALL THAT, I'M NOT A HUMAN... IS THAT IT? THAT EXPLAINS... WHY I'VE GOT NO REAL FEELINGS...



"FRUSTRATION! IT CAN DRIVE EVEN A MACHINE TO BERSERK REACTION. THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGELY MECHANICAL IN THE WAY JEREMY DROVE FORWARD..."

THE PLANS!... GIVE-ME-THOSE-PLANS!...

NO!
NO!



"THAT ODD CLICKING... THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF RELAYS FIGHTING EACH OTHER, ROBBING A ROBOT'S BEHAVIOR OF ALL NORMAL DIRECTION..."

I SHALL... DESTROY THEM... NEVER GIVE YOU... OPPORTUNITY TO DO... THIS TERRIBLE THING... AGAIN...



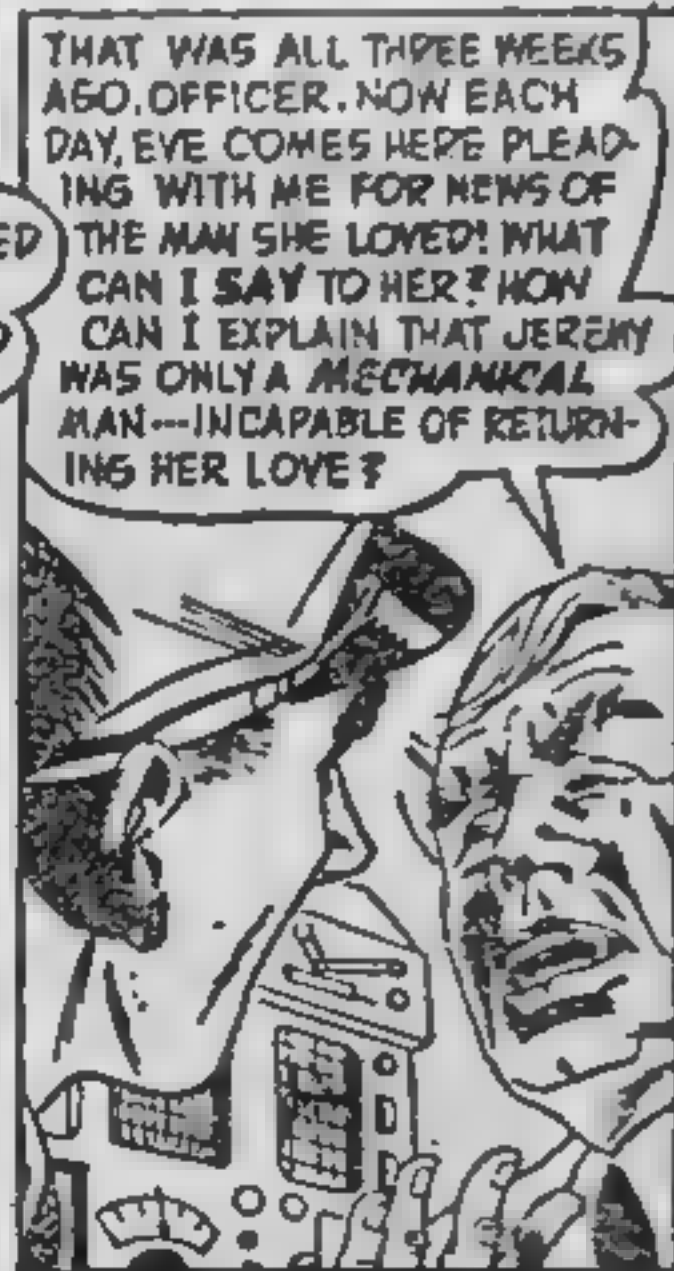
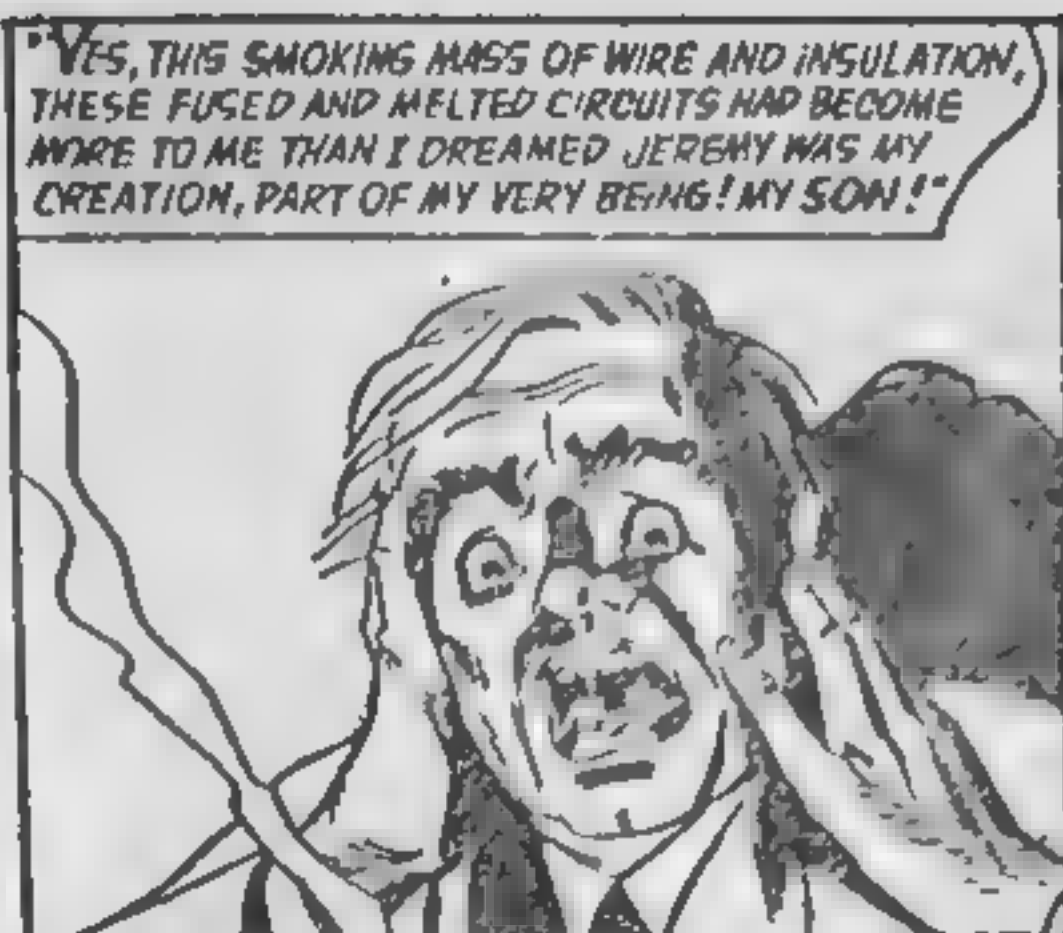
"HE BACKED AWAY, NOT SEEING THE LAMP OR THE EXTENSION CORD UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE..."

WATCH OUT!



"THERE WAS A FLARE OF LIGHT AS THE ELECTRIC BULB SMASHED UPON THE FLOOR... A CRACKLE OF FLAME SEARING DEEP INTO INFLAMMABLE PLASTIC..."







CLEVER CARAVAN

A committee of the good citizens of Bluff Falls had requested an appointment with Major John Baer. They had stressed the importance of the subject to be discussed so the army officer consented. It would be his last opportunity to wear a dress outfit. On the morrow he would change to frontier clothing when he and his small detachment of troops headed towards the border of Mexico.

At four in the afternoon, Mayor Thomas Coyle and three other men were escorted to the tent that served as headquarters for the army officer. The mayor came right to the point.

"Can't you stop Louis Farrel from making this foolish trip? I don't know what has gotten into him. Unless it is the fact that he wants some adventure before he becomes my son-in-law. Absolutely ridiculous the way he has been acting."

"I have offered him a good position in my bank. He is risking every cent he has in the world on this stupid undertaking. Any man with sense in his head knows you must use either mules or horses to pull the heavy trade wagons. He will hardly move with oxen."

The army officer knew how hard it was to argue when a person was upset. So he did his best to be cool.

"The United States Government is very much interested in this experiment of moving trade wagons by the means of oxen. Louis Farrel has made several claims. First, that the oxen cost much less than mules or horses. Second, that the Indians won't be able to stampede the oxen. Third, that you really are carrying an emergency food supply with you. So my orders are to escort the caravan to the Mexican border and

wait there three weeks for him to make the return trip."

The committee left full of disappointment. But at least they could all feel they had done their best to help young Louis Farrel. However, at that very moment, the young man was showing his future bride some of the wagons in the caravan.

"I'll tell you a secret, but not why?" he smiled. "Only half of the wagons are full of merchandise. The others are empty."

"Why?" she demanded just as he figured she would.

"The empty wagons will make money for me," he laughed. "I know that isn't an answer. It doesn't even sound sensible. But I will come back rich."

The young man escorted Rose Baer back to her home. Then he returned to his camp where experienced mountain men, trappers, traders, and ox handlers were doing last minute checking.

"We leave at the crack of dawn," said Jediah Moss who had been appointed to command the wagons. "Taking with us a good supply of hardwood. We can trade them to the Indians for buffalo robes. They will make bows with the wood."

"To shoot arrows back at us," interrupted Younger Smith who had been a successful trader in Taos. "Doesn't make sense to me"

There wasn't much sleep that night because of the excitement in the air. Then as the sun rose, the wagons were formed into a long line. Slowly the oxen pulled the wagons. But pulled them they did as even the most obstinate citizen of Bluff Falls had to admit.

"Sure, he'll get there," said Mayor John Baer.

"But just remember this fact, There are two caravans ahead of him. They will get to Taos first. Sell all their merchandise. Buy up the best bargains. Can't stop a young man from making a fool out of himself."

Major John Baer and his escort rode horses. Their supply wagons were pulled by oxen. Some of the soldiers rode ahead to scout the country. Others rode behind to be certain they weren't being followed by Indians.

"Chief Yellow Tail is flushed with success," said the army officer. "He figures if he can lick the Sioux he can lick anybody in the world. He will try to attack every caravan. We offered an escort to Harv Berke for his wagons and one to Mack Lutter for his group. They refused. Said they had enough rifles to fight off any attack."

"I can almost tell right now what Chief Yellow Tail is going to do," laughed Younger Smith. "He will stampede the horses. Then pick off the wagons one by one. Maybe he won't even do that. All he wants are the horses."

The journey was slow and uneventful. At the end of two and a half weeks they saw smoke ahead. Not Indian signals. Something was burning. Some of the soldiers rode ahead and then returned with the sad news.

"They got Mack Lutter's caravan," reported Sergeant Jim Daley. "Them Indians ran off every horse and burned seven of his wagons. He saved most of his merchandise, but can't move an inch. He waited and figured we were coming."

Three hours later the caravan came to a desolate scene. Heaps of merchandise were piled on the ground. Gloomy men were talking about losing their life's earnings. Mack Lutter told the Major and Young John Baer of the trick that Chief Yellow Tail had so successfully done.

"We made a corral each night. Like we did last year. Tongue of one wagon to the back of the other. Then we tied up the horses. We hobbled half of them. He ran a pack of wild horses right into our center. He had some braves holding onto them horses by the manes. They cut the hobbles. Then all our horses joined the wild pack and ran away. Meanwhile he fired fire arrows at us so we had our hands full. We are finished. We'll be in debt for the rest of our lives."

"Not necessarily so," said the young man. "I have some empty wagons with me. We can take your merchandise with us. I will draw up a contract. You pay the expenses plus twenty per cent of the profits of the goods sold in Taos. And thirty per cent of the profits on the goods brought back."

The contract was quickly drawn up and signed. Eager traders piled their goods into some of the empty wagons. They still would make a good profit and if they met Yellow Tail

this time there would be plenty of rifles to even up the score. Once they sighted a small herd of buffalo. Five hunters went out and they returned with welcomed fresh meat that soon was roasting over the fires.

"Next trip out for me, I use oxen," remarked Mack Lutter. "You go slower but safer."

The combined party was on the trail a week before they came across what was left of the caravan of Harv Berke. About a dozen of his men had been wounded in the attack, but he too had lost all of his horses.

"Cheer up," suggested Mack Lutter to Harv Berke. "Louis Farrel has a proposition to make to you. He's got some empty wagons. As though he figured out we would be in trouble. He's got a head on his shoulders. I'd give him a partnership any day in my concern."

A similar offer was made and accepted. But now they figured they would turn tables on Chief Yellow Tail. The oxen were parked at night right near the wagons. A tempting bait for hidden scouts who probably were watching every movement.

"We run horses in the same way as before," said Brave Arrow to his chief. "We get oxen this time. Soldiers also have horses. So we get horses too."

It was a dark cloudy night and Chief Yellow Tail repeated the same trick that had been so successful before, but it failed because Louis Farrel figured out what to do. Each trapper or trader jumped upon the nearest horse. The soldiers mounted their horses at once and the pack of horses with unexpected riders followed the mounted soldiers. Soon they were all headed right into the camp of Yellow Tail. There was a brief and fierce fight, but surprise was on the side of Major Baer and all his men. Among the captives was Chief Yellow Tail. He made a remark that became a classic on the frontier for the next three decades.

"That young white man should have been an Indian. If he say so, I adopt him."

There was much rejoicing at the livestock and horses that were recovered. The victorious caravan stopped at the border. There Major Baer had to wait. They went on to Taos and traded. Then they returned and were escorted back to Bluff Falls. Louis Farrel had made the sum of \$65,580 clear profit by his clever thinking. And he had a lot of offers of partnerships.

"First partnership I must make is with a girl who shall be my wife," he laughed. "Then after we are married, the partnership will consider other partnerships."

He became one of the richest and most influential traders in the young growing southwest. And as a result for years to come, the caravans all used oxen.

———— THE END ————

OLD CASHAWKING'S TRUE VALUES



THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE OF THOSE VALIANT FLIGHT NURSES, LT. MILDRED GRANTON ... ONE DAY AT A SOUTH PACIFIC BASE....

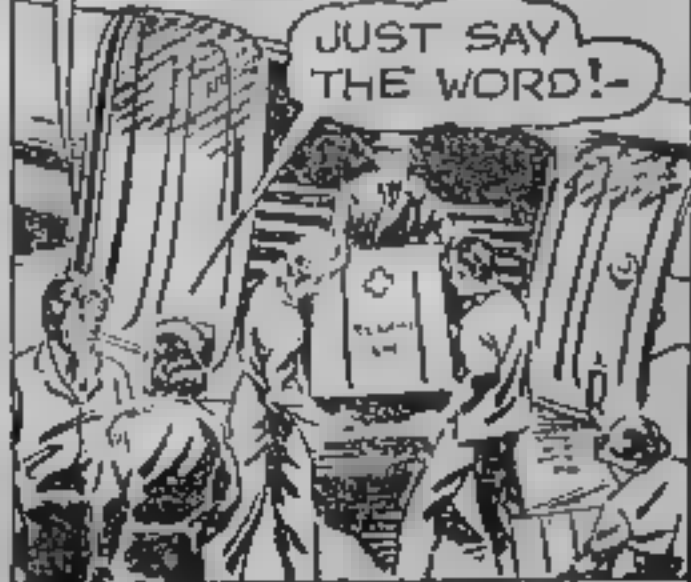
A HOSPITAL PLANE IS LEAVING TO BRING BACK THE WOUNDED FROM TARAWA. YOU'RE TO BE IN CHARGE, LT. GRANTON.

I'LL DO MY BEST, MAJOR.



WE'RE TAKING ON PASSENGERS AND, AS CARGO-A POWER PLANE ENGINE. ALL SET?

JUST SAY THE WORD!-





FLIGHT NURSE GRANTON IS HERDED BACK WITH THE OTHERS AS THE UNLUCKY PLANE PLUMMETS TOWARD THE SEA. THEN SUDDENLY...

DUDE — HE DON'T HEAR THE ORDER. THAT ENGINE WILL CRUSH HIM, IF IT'S THROWN FORWARD...

ACTING SWIFTLY...

DUDE! GET BACK — QUICK!

A SPLIT SECOND LATER THE HEAVY PLANE CATAPULTS!

NURSE!

CRASH

GOSH, SHE SAVED MY LIFE.

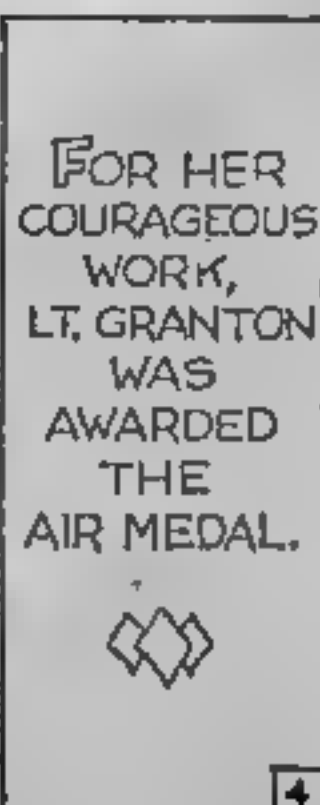
ARE YOU HURT?

I'M ALL RIGHT. BUT WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS? AND THE MEDICAL EQUIPMENT?

SOON, ALL ARE ACCOUNTED FOR...

BUT, YOU ARE HURT, YOUNG LADY. YOU SHOULD REST.

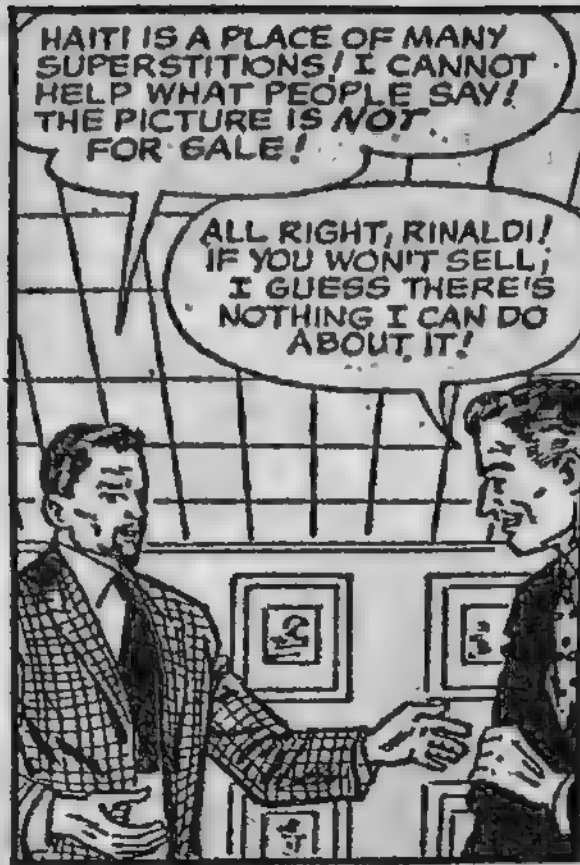
I'M ALL RIGHT. JUST LIGHT BRUISES...HOLD STILL WHILE I BANDAGE YOUR ARM...



HE FOUND THE PERFECT WAY TO AVOID GOING TO PRISON, BUT GOING TO PRISON
WOULD HAVE BEEN A LOT BETTER THAN...

HOW HARRY ESCAPED





NO, THE SUFFERINGS OF OTHERS
MEANT NOTHING TO THOMAS! ONLY
HIS PLANS, HIS DESIRES MATTERED...

IT'S WORKING! THE PORTRAIT
IS GROWING YOUNGER, AND SO
AM I! I'VE LOST AT LEAST
TEN YEARS ALREADY!

THEN BE
SATISFIED,
M'SIEUR!

RINALDI!!

YES! IT WAS
NOT DIFFICULT
TO GUESS WHO
MUST HAVE THE
PORTRAIT, M'SIEUR!
I HAVE COME TO
RECLAIM IT, FOR
YOUR OWN SAKE!

NO! YOU CAN'T
HAVE IT!

OH-H-H!

I'M STILL GROWING
YOUNGER! EVERY
SECOND...

IN HERE!

POLICE! HOW DARE
YOU BREAK INTO MY
HOUSE LIKE THIS?

HIS HOUSE? THIS
HOUSE BELONGS TO
M'SIEUR THORNTON...
A MAN TWICE HIS
AGE! AND LOOK!
THERE IS THE MAN I
SAW SNEAKING IN!

STOP IT! YOU FOOLS!
I AM THORNTON!

BUT, HARRY THORNTON WAS A MAN IN HIS FIFTIES! *THIS* MAN WAS BARELY THIRTY!



THE PAINTING, I HAVE TO COVER IT!



HE IS GONE! BUT WHERE? THIS DARKNESS...

I CAN HEAR HIS FOOTSTEPS UPSTAIRS! HE IS RETURNING TO THE LIBRARY!



THE DOOR IS LOCKED FROM INSIDE! LISTEN... THERE IS A BABY INSIDE, CRYING!

BREAK IT DOWN!



THERE IS NO ONE HERE! I HEARD A BABY! I'M CERTAIN! BUT THERE IS NO ONE HERE!

NOT EVEN THE MAN WE FOLLOWED! IT IS IMPOSSIBLE! THERE IS NO WAY OUT OF THIS ROOM!



BUT IT WAS NOT IMPOSSIBLE! HARRY THORNTON... HARRY THOMAS... *HAD* FOUND A WAY OUT OF THAT ROOM! BUT HOW COULD THE POLICE KNOW THAT?

HOW COULD THE POLICE KNOW THAT HARRY *HAD* ESCAPED... FOREVER?

THE WINDOW IS LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE, ALSO! IT MAKES NO SENSE!

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND! I COULD HAVE SWORN THAT I HEARD A *BABY*! AND WHEN WE BROKE IN, THERE WAS A PICTURE OF A *BABY* ON THIS CANVAS! I SAW IT!



BUT NOW, THE CANVAS... IS *BLANK*!



BUG DOBIE, ONE OF DUKE ELTON'S GUNSLINGERS, DREW AND FIRED AT THE MAN WITH THE BADGE!



EL LOBO, ANOTHER ONE OF DUKE ELTON'S CREW, DID THE SAME!



DUKE ELTON, IN THE MEANTIME, JUST YELLED FOR HELP!



TEXAS RANGERS IN ACTION

in
THE
OWLHOOT
RANGER

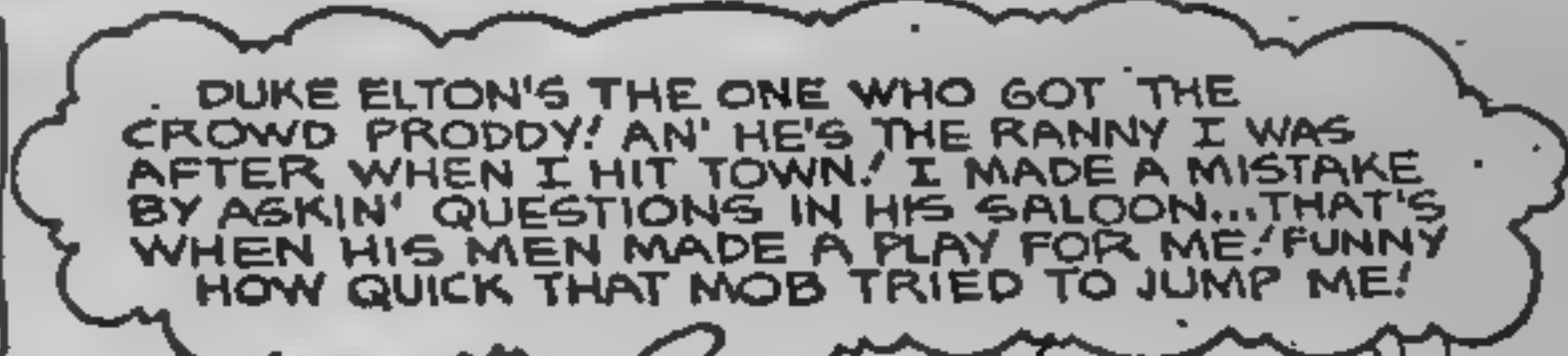
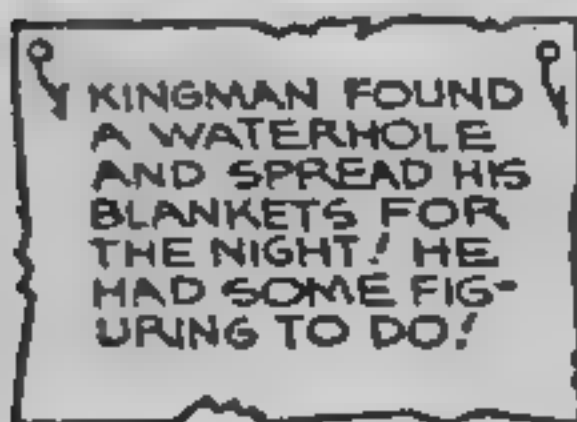
RANGER JIM KINGMAN, THE ONE WEARING THE BADGE, DREW AND RETURNED THEIR FIRE!



SUDDENLY THE EMPTY STREET WAS JAMMED WITH RED-FACED, ANGRY CITIZENS...ALL TRYING TO GET TO RANGER JIM KINGMAN FIRST, YELLING FOR A ROPE! KINGMAN HAD NO CHOICE....HE JUMPED ON HIS HORSE!



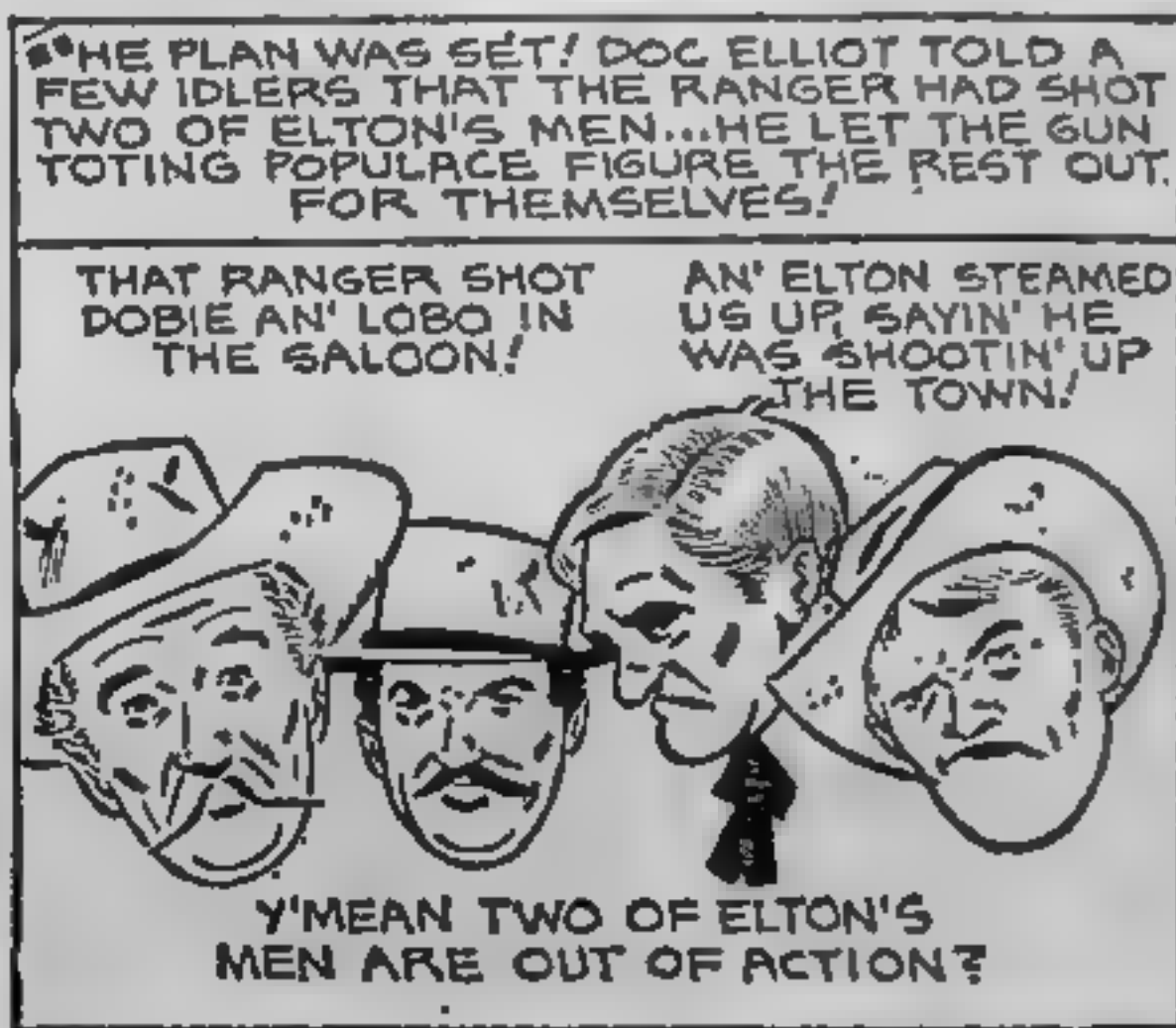
ONE HALF HOUR LATER.....!



MEANWHILE, IN TOWN, ELTON AND TWO OF HIS MEN WERE CELEBRATING!



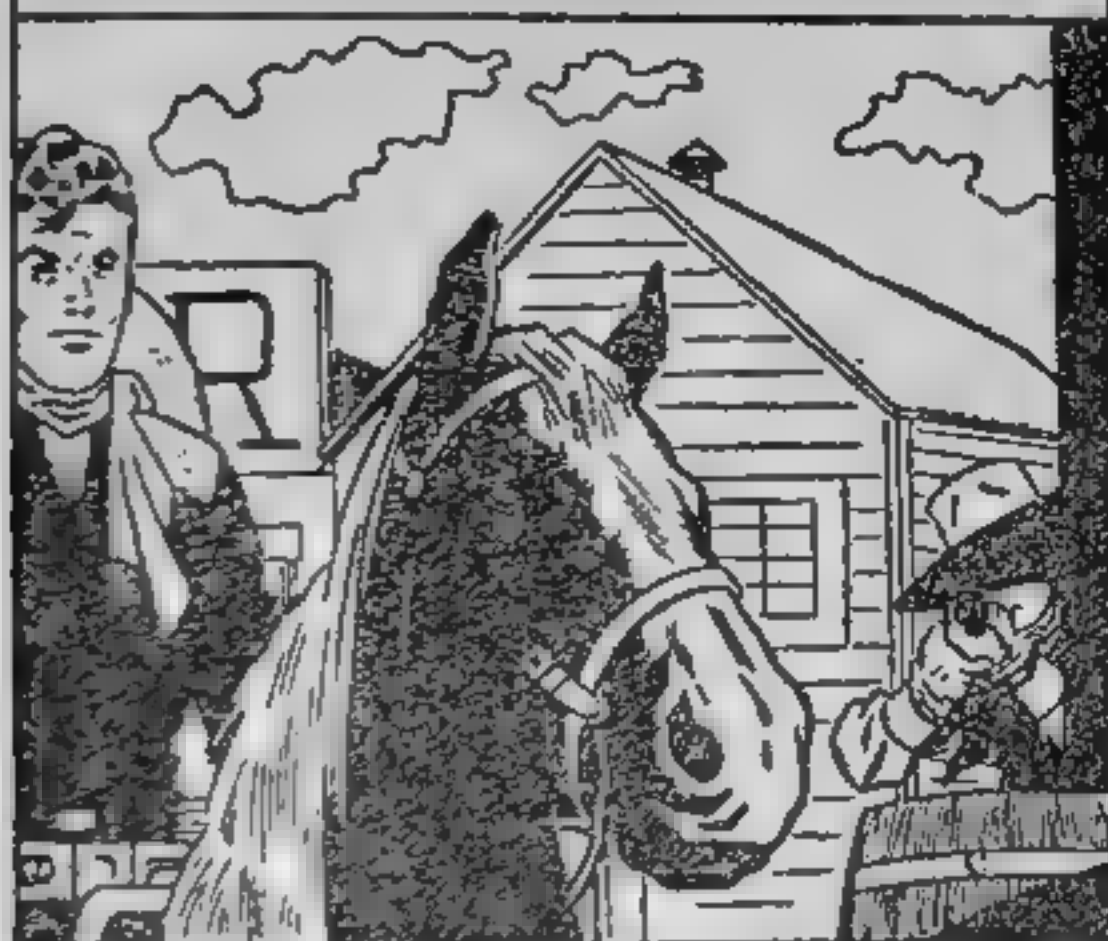
KINGMAN WAS UP AT DAYBREAK... AND HEADED FOR THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE IN TOWN! HE WOKE THAT GENTLEMAN URGENTLY!



WINSTON RODE INTO TOWN, RELAXED AND CALM! BUT THE AIR ABOUT HIM WAS TENSE AND NERVOUS!



1 MINUTE LATER, ONE OF ELTON'S OWLHOOTS HAD HIM IN HIS SIGHTS!



NO, YUH DON'T, POLECAT! YOUR KIND IS THROUGH IN THIS TOWN!



THANKS, FRIEND! ANY MORE LIKE HIM AROUND?

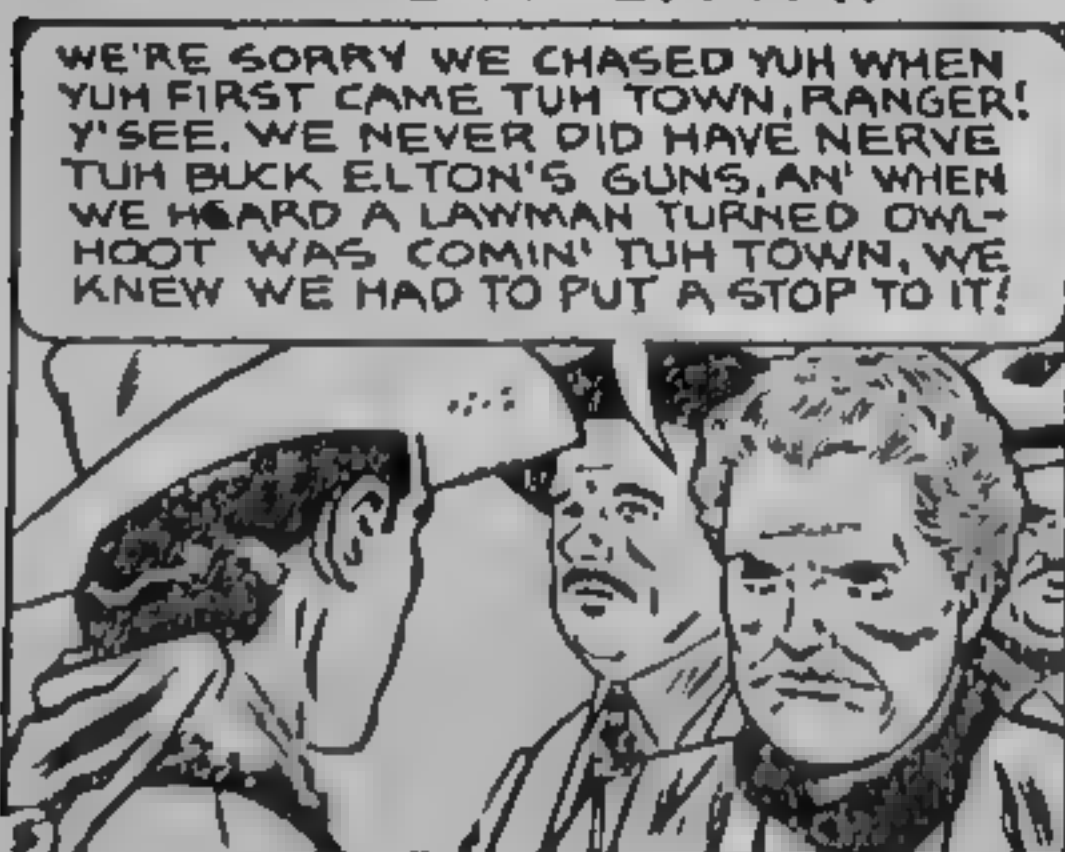
YEP! IN ELTON'S PLACE! BUT YUH GOT FRIENDS, NOW! THE DOC TOLD US THE TRUTH ABOUT YUH!



INSIDE ELTON'S PLACE, THEY WERE WAITING... THE DREGS OF THE PANHANDLE, WAITING FOR ORDERS FROM DUKE ELTON!



THE TOWNSMEN CHARGED INTO THE SALOON, AND THE BATTLE WAS OVER! ELTON'S PLACE SERVED AS A JAIL! THE DISARMED OWLHOOTERS HAD NO CHANCE TO GET AWAY!



FAR OFF THE COASTS OF THE FIJI ISLAND GROUP IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, AND DEEP DOWN BENEATH THE TURQUOISE SEA, THERE'S A STRANGE WORLD, A STRANGE PEOPLE... AND A STRANGE PRISON! IT'S ALSO STRANGE THAT THE ONLY INMATE OF THAT UNDERWATER JAIL IS TAD BRANTON, A SKIN DIVER... BUT THE STRANGEST OF ALL IS HOW HE GOT THERE!

The STRANGE PRISON!



GOOD DEEDS AND EVIL DEEDS HAVE TWO THINGS IN COMMON... THEY BOTH HAVE A BEGINNING AND AN END! THIS IS HOW TAD BRANTON'S EVILNESS BEGAN...

I'M KINDA NEW AT THIS SKIN DIVING, BUT THE ONLY WAY TO BECOME AN EXPERT IS TO KEEP DOING IT!



I FEEL DIZZY! SOMETHING MUST HAVE (GASP!) HAPPENED TO... MY... OXYGEN TANKS! I-I'M (GASP!)... PASSING OUT!



FOR HOW LONG UNCONSCIOUSNESS HELD HIM CAPTIVE, TAD BRANTON DIDN'T KNOW! BUT WHEN HE OPENED HIS EYES AGAIN, HE KNEW HE WAS STILL ALIVE, IN SOME STRANGE PLACE BENEATH THE SEA!

I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR SURPRISE, BUT NOT YOUR FEAR! WE ARE FRIENDLY PEOPLE! NO HARM WILL COME TO YOU!

BUT HOW IS IT POSSIBLE FOR ME TO BREATHE UNDERWATER? AND THIS PLACE... WHAT IS IT?



THIS IS THE UNDERWATER WORLD, WHERE MY FATHER IS KING! WHEN I FOUND YOU ALMOST LIFELESS, FLOATING IN MY SEAWEED GARDEN, I BROUGHT YOU HERE, WHERE MY FATHER'S PHYSICIANS REVIVED YOU AND MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR YOU TO BREATHE WATER, AS WE DO!

THAT'S AMAZING!



I'D LIKE TO SEE MORE OF THIS FANTASTIC PLACE!

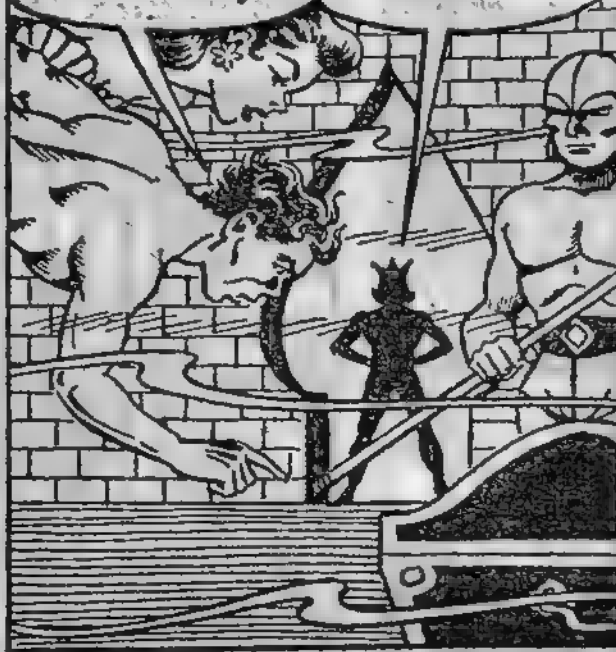
OF COURSE! MY NAME IS PISCA... I'LL SHOW YOU AROUND!



AS TIME PASSED, THEY EXCHANGED NAMES, IDEAS, AND INFORMATION ABOUT THEIR DIFFERENT WORLDS...

WHAT'S THAT? AND WHY IS IT GUARDED?

IT CONTAINS A FABULOUS TREASURE!



IT'S MY DAUGHTER'S DOWRY, WHICH I SHALL GIVE TO THE ONE WHOM SHE CHOOSES AS HER HUSBAND!

WITH THAT MUCH LOOT, I COULD LIVE LIKE A KING!



TAD BRANTON WORKED ON THE IDEA... AND BEFORE LONG, PISCA BLUSHINGLY TOLD HER FATHER OF HER CHOICE...

THEN WE SHALL PREPARE FOR THE WEDDING... AND YOU, TAD, SHALL TAKE YOUR TREASURE CHEST AND COUNT YOUR FORTUNE!

YEAH! IT'S ALL MINE, NOW!



TAD TOOK IT, AND A SHORT TIME LATER HE WAS SWIMMING UP TOWARD HIS BOAT WITH IT!

IF HE THINKS I'M GOING TO MARRY HIS DAUGHTER AND LIVE UNDERWATER FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE, HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND!



NOW I'LL OPEN THE CHEST AND... HEY! WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? I'M GETTING DIZZY! I-I CAN (GASP!) HARDLY BREATHE... (GASP!)



BLACKNESS BLOTTED OUT TAD'S SENSES
AND HE COLLAPSED...



AND WHEN HE NEXT OPENED HIS EYES, HE WAS BACK IN
THE UNDERWATER WORLD... IN THE STRANGE PRISON!



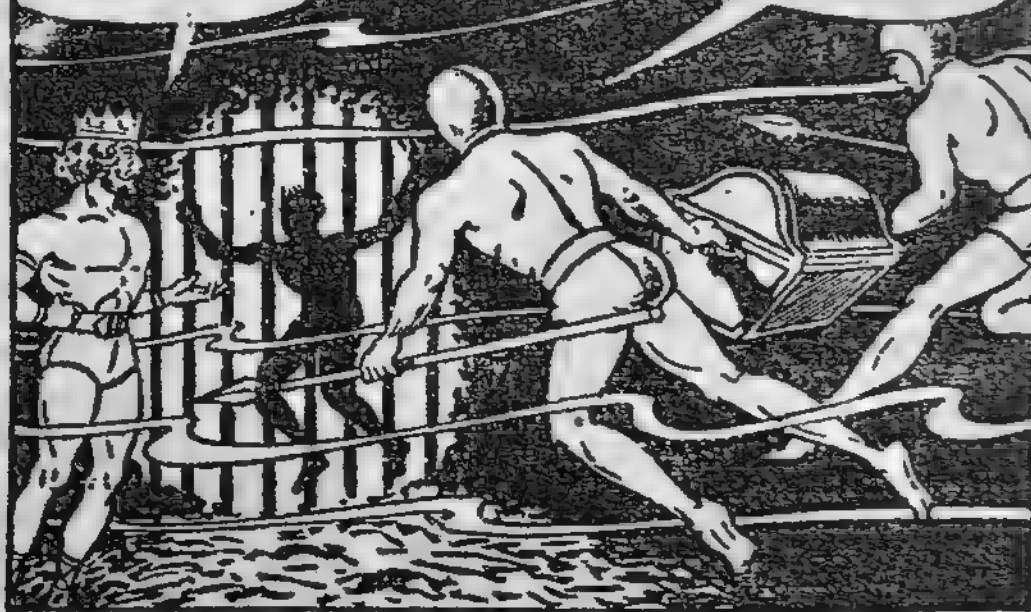
HOW-HOW DID I GET DOWN HERE?
LET ME OUT! I DON'T BELONG
IN HERE! I'M FROM UP THERE!

MY GUARDS BROUGHT YOU DOWN, AFTER YOU ALMOST
DROWNED FROM LACK OF WATER ON YOUR BOAT!
WHEN MY DAUGHTER FIRST FOUND YOU, MY DOCTORS
HAD TO PERFORM AN OPERATION TO SAVE YOU... BY
CHANGING YOUR RESPIRATORY ORGANS TO
BREATHE WATER INSTEAD OF AIR!



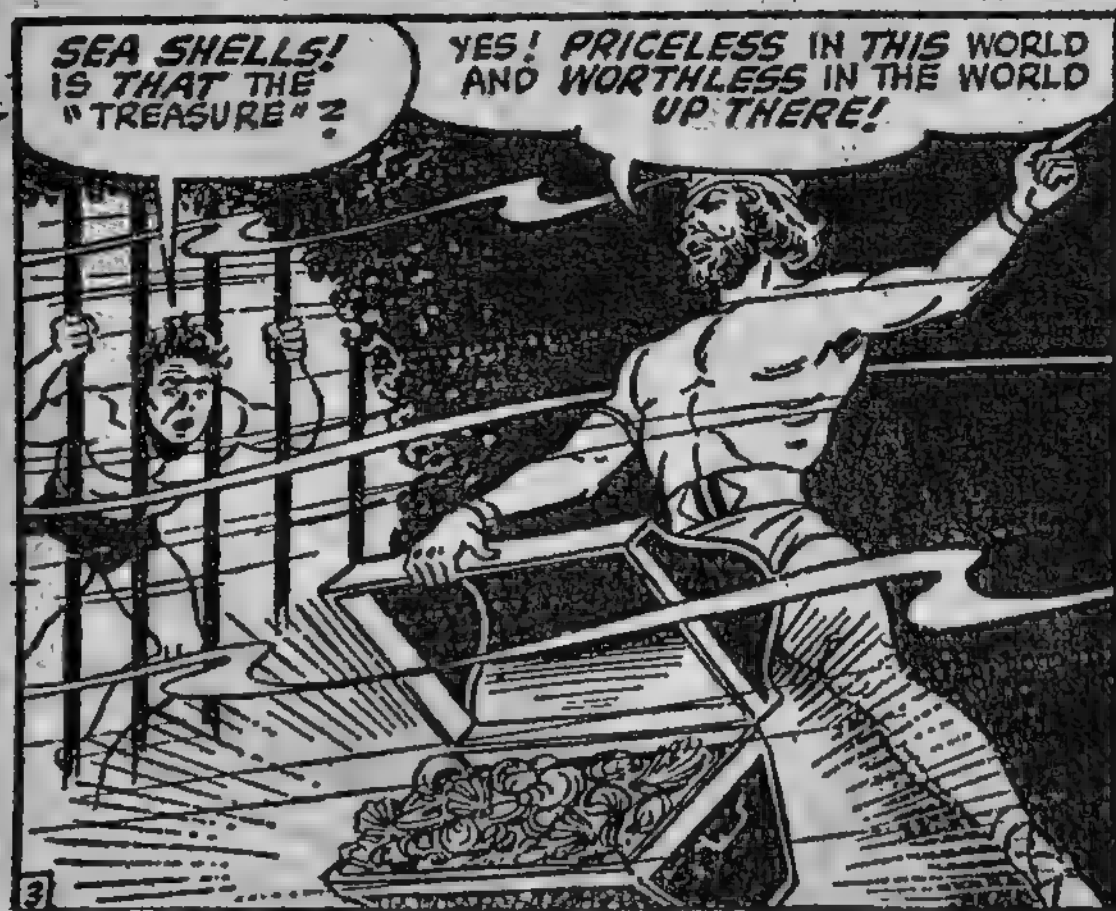
YOU COULD HAVE BEEN THE PRINCE
HERE, IF YOU HAD MARRIED MY
DAUGHTER, BUT YOU CHOSE ROBBERY
AND FRAUD! FOR THAT I SENTENCE
YOU TO TWO YEARS IN THIS PRISON!
THEN, AFTER ANOTHER OPERATION,
YOU WILL BE RETURNED TO YOUR
OWN WORLD!

THE TREASURE
CHEST IS
OPENED,
MAJESTY!
DO YOU WISH
TO SEE IF THE
TREASURE IS
ALL THERE?



SEA SHELLS!
IS THAT THE
"TREASURE"?

YES! PRICELESS IN THIS WORLD
AND WORTHLESS IN THE WORLD
UP THERE!



YES, THIS IS WHAT TAD BRANTON HAD
RISKED EVERYTHING FOR! AND NOW HE
WOULD PAY THE PENALTY FOR HIS EVIL
DEED... THEN RETURN TO HIS OWN WORLD,
A SADDER BUT WISER MAN!



THE END

THE NAME'S FRANK BRANDON! AFTER 9 YEARS AS AN INTERPLANETARY REPORTER ON THE 'DAILY COSMOS,' I FIGURED I'D COVERED JUST ABOUT EVERY KIND OF STORY... THAT IS UNTIL I RAN UP AGAINST WHAT TURNED OUT TO BE THE MOST FANTASTIC ONE OF MY CAREER-- THE STORY KNOWN AS...

THE GHOST SHIP OF SPACE

ON AUGUST 18, 2705, THE REPORT CAME INTO INTER-GALACTIC SPACE HEAD-QUARTERS! IT WAS THE THIRD ONE THAT MONTH...

PATROL SHIP "JUPITER 87X,"
CALLING HEADQUARTERS! WE'VE
JUST SIGHTED THE GHOST SHIP!!
WE'RE GOING AFTER HER!!

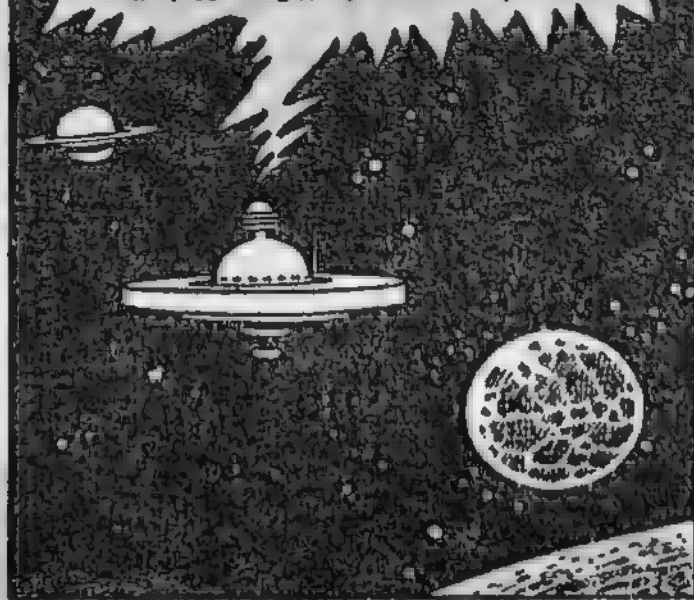


O.K., BEN! BUT BE
CAREFUL! WE DON'T
WANT TO LOSE ANY
MORE PATROL
SHIPS!



AN HOUR PASSED...

THE GHOST SHIP IS ENTERING
GRAVITATIONAL FIELD-3708...
WE'RE GOING INTO IT, TOO!



SIR-- WE-- WE'VE
LOST CONTACT WITH
THEM!!

IMPOSSIBLE!



THE NEXT DAY THE UNIVERSE HEARD THIS NEWS...



THAT AFTERNOON, MY EDITOR CALLED ME INTO HIS OFFICE...

FRANK, THIS "GHOST SHIP" COULD BE THE BIGGEST STORY OF THE YEAR! I WANT ONE OF MY MEN TO START **GOING ALONG** ON THOSE PATROLS--AND **YOU'RE THE ONE!**

YOU LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!



BUT BOSS-- I WAS PLANNING ON SEEING ANNE, LATER THIS AFTERNOON!



BY THE WAY, HOW IS ANNE? SHE READY TO BECOME **MRS. FRANK BRANDON**, YET?



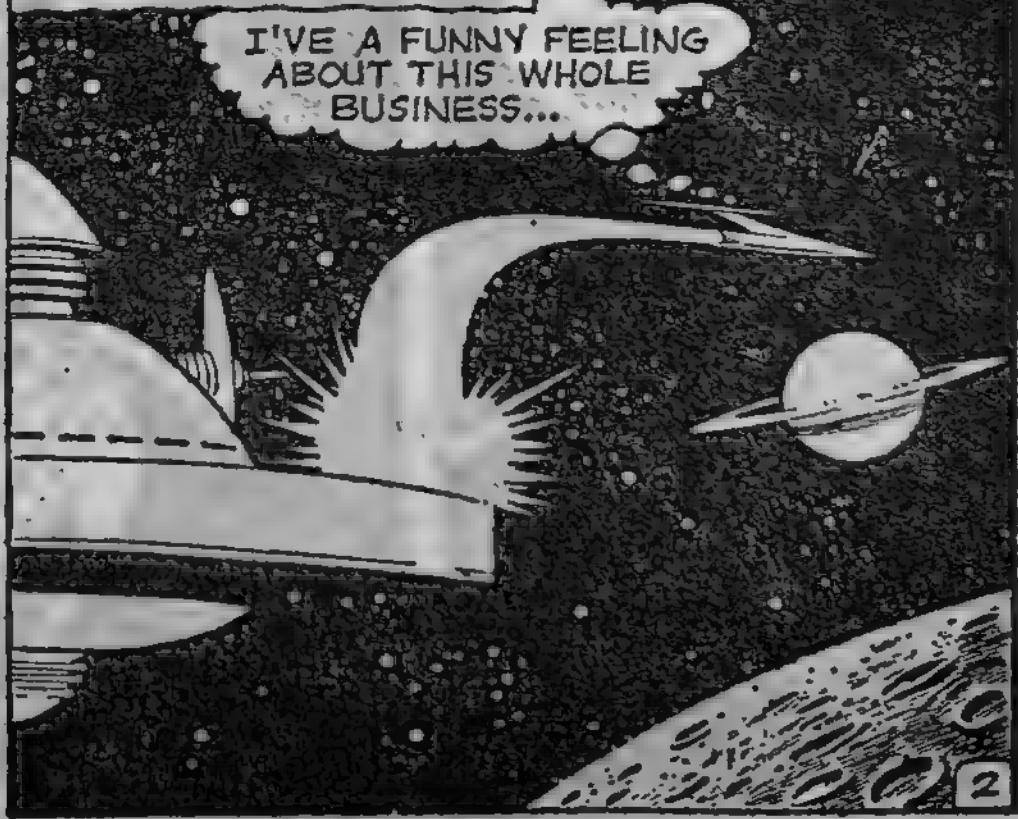
I'VE BEEN LAUNCHING A FULL SCALE OFFENSIVE! EVEN BRINGING TOYS TO HER KID BROTHER!



I HOPPED A FERRY ROCKET TO I.G.S. HEAD-QUARTERS, AND WITHIN 2 HOURS...



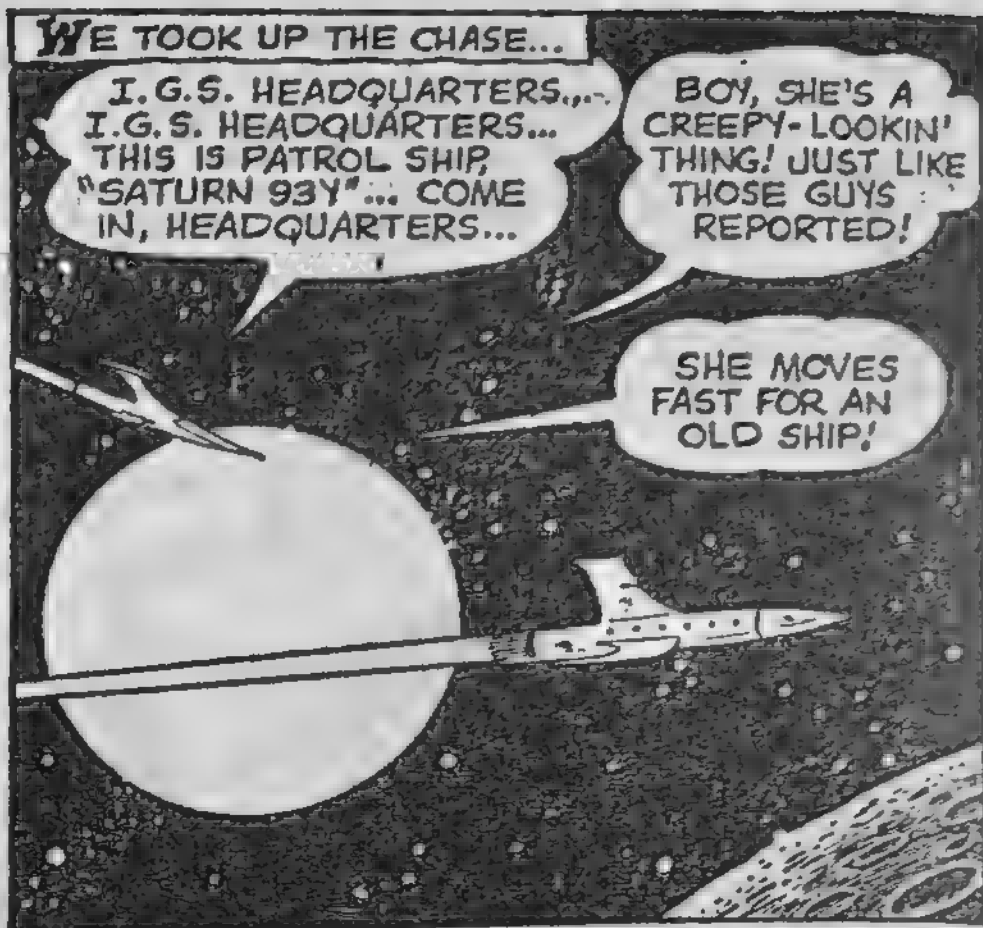
THE NEXT PATROL LEFT 20 MINUTES LATER... I WENT WITH THEM...





WE HAD HARDLY
ENTERED
DEEP SPACE,
WHEN...

LOOK--THERE SHE
IS! THE **GHOST**
SHIP!!



WE TOOK UP THE CHASE...

I.G.S. HEADQUARTERS...
I.G.S. HEADQUARTERS...
THIS IS PATROL SHIP,
"SATURN 93Y"... COME
IN, HEADQUARTERS...

BOY, SHE'S A
CREEPY-LOOKIN'
THING! JUST LIKE
THOSE GUYS
REPORTED!

SHE MOVES
FAST FOR AN
OLD SHIP!



KEEP FOLLOWING HER,
SMITTY! BUT--BE
CAREFUL!!

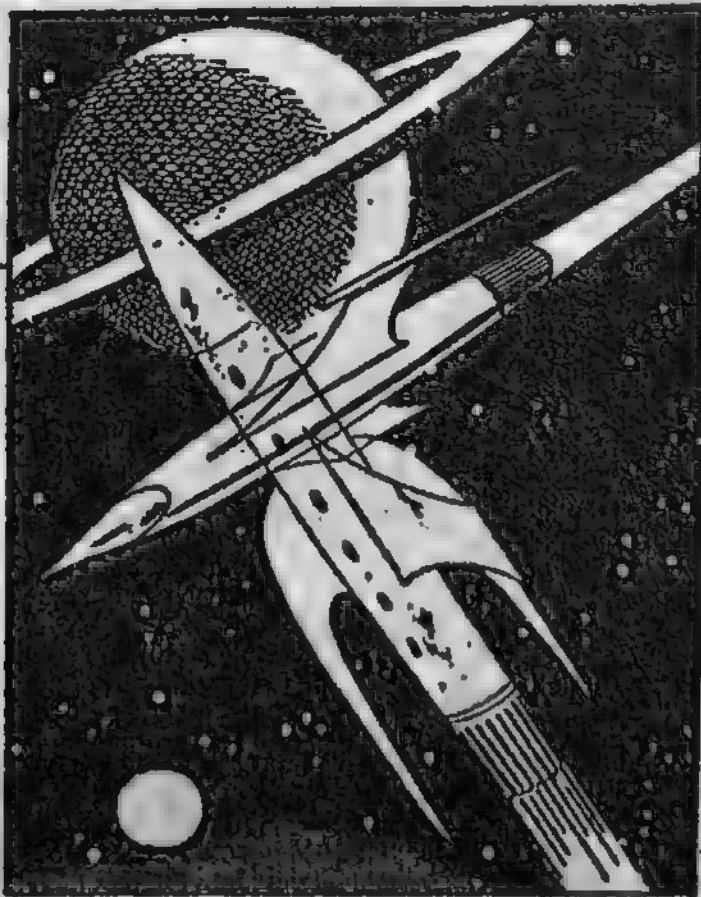


WHA-- SHE CHANGED
HER COURSE!

I NEVER SAW ANY-
THING TURN SO
FAST!!

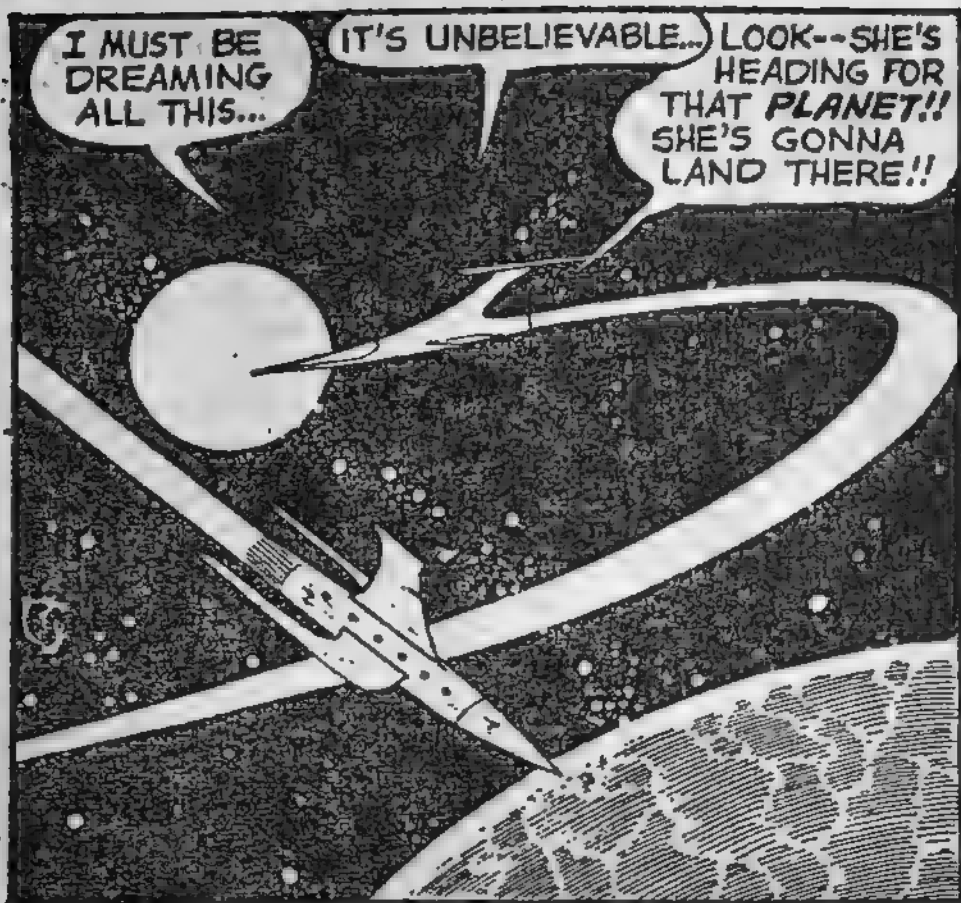


SHE'S COMING IN.
FRONT OF US!! WE
CAN'T SWERVE AWAY
IN TIME-- WE'RE
GONNA **RAM HER!!!**



GREAT SCOTT!!
WE WENT RIGHT
THROUGH HER!!

SHE REALLY
IS A GHOST
SHIP!



I MUST BE DREAMING ALL THIS...

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE... LOOK--SHE'S HEADING FOR THAT **PLANET!!** SHE'S GONNA LAND THERE!!



WE FOLLOWED HER... WE LANDED, TOO... BUT THEN...

WHA-- SHE'S GONE!!

I DON'T GET THIS!

HOW COULD SHE JUST DISAPPEAR?



AND WHEN WE DESCENDED FROM THE SPACE SHIP...

OH, OH-- TROUBLE!!

WE'VE WALKED INTO A TRAP!!

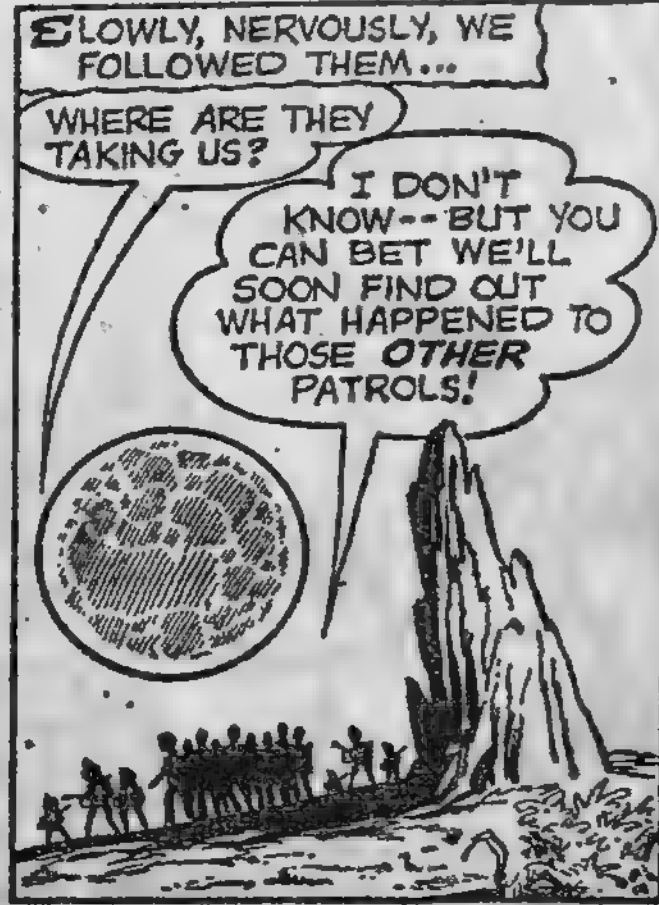
WE WOULDN'T HAVE A CHANCE IN THE UNIVERSE, IF WE SHOT IT OUT WITH THEM!



THEY'RE COMMUNICATING WITH US... **TELEPATHICALLY!!**

YOU WILL FOLLOW US!

WE'D BETTER DO AS THEY SAY! THEY'RE HOLDING ALL THE CARDS!



SLOWLY, NERVOUSLY, WE FOLLOWED THEM...

WHERE ARE THEY TAKING US?

I DON'T KNOW-- BUT YOU CAN BET WE'LL SOON FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE **OTHER** PATROLS!



WE HAD WALKED ABOUT A MILE AND A HALF, WHEN...

LOOK, IT'S SOME KINDA COMPOUND -- A **PRISON** COMPOUND!!

AND THERE ARE THE GUYS!! HEY-- BEN! CHARLIE!!



WE ALSO, WERE PUT INTO THE COMPOUND...

... AND THE INHABITANTS OF THIS PLANET HAVEN'T YET LEARNED HOW TO BUILD AN INTERPLANETARY SPACE SHIP!

SO THEY DEvised THIS SCHEME AS A MEANS OF STEALING ROCKET SHIPS-- FOR THE PURPOSE OF STUDYING THEM!



...AND THE MOST ASTOUNDING PART IS THAT THE "GHOST" SHIP WE ALL CHASED, WAS NOTHING MORE THAN A **PICTURE** PROJECTED, SPECTROSCOPICALLY, INTO THE SKY!

IT'S INCREDIBLE!!

THAT'S THE MACHINE THEY DID IT WITH!



NO WONDER IT COULD MANEUVER THE WAY IT DID!

...AND WE WERE ABLE TO FLY THROUGH IT!

YEAH -- BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW! WE'RE IN THIS PRISON, WITHOUT ANY CHANCE OF GETTING OUT!



HEY! YOU JOKERS!! I DON'T KNOW ABOUT **THESE** GUYS, BUT I'M SURE NOT GONNA STAY HERE--ROTTING AWAY IN A PRISON--



YOU EITHER SET US ALL FREE--OR I'LL DROP THIS HYPERCOBALT BOMB, AND **BLOW** THIS WHOLE PLANET OUTTA THE UNIVERSE!!



GOOD GRIEF!! HE'S NOT KIDDING!!

HEY, YOU GUYS! YOU'D BETTER DO WHAT HE SAYS!!

HE COULD BLOW US **ALL** TO KINGDOM COME!!



FORTUNATELY, THE ALIENS DIDN'T WANT A SPACE SHIP BADLY ENOUGH TO RISK GETTING BLOWN TO BITS FOR IT--SO, WITHIN A SHORT WHILE...

BOY-- AM I GLAD TO GET OUTTA THERE!!

YOU CAN SAY THAT, AGAIN!!



BY THE WAY, THAT WAS **SOME TRICK**, BRANDON! WHAT MADE YOU THINK OF IT?

I FIGURED ANY PEOPLE WHO COULDN'T BUILD A ROCKET SHIP, WOULDN'T KNOW A **TOY NUCLEAR COMPASS** WHEN THEY SAW IT!

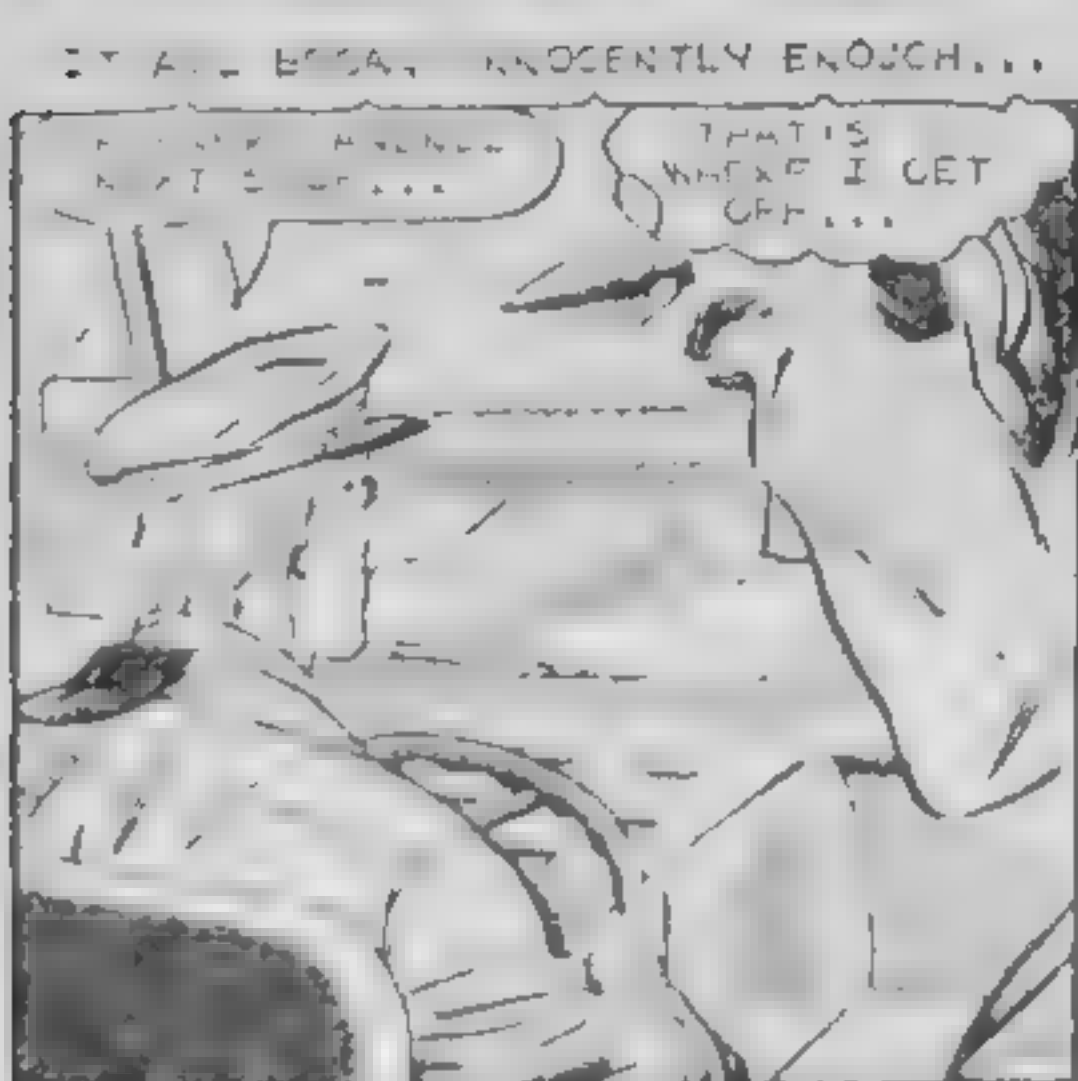
HOW'D YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE ONE WITH YOU?

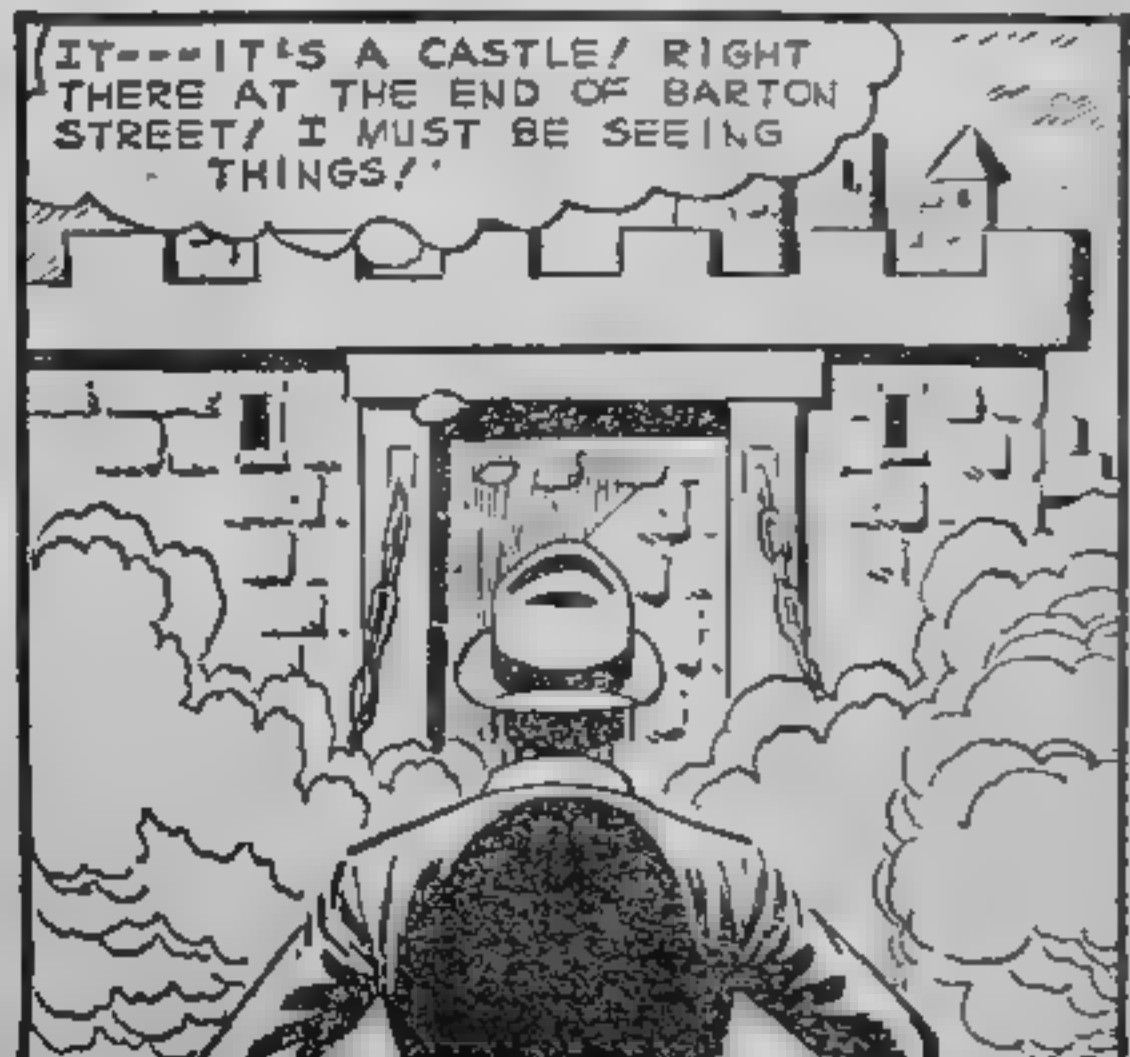
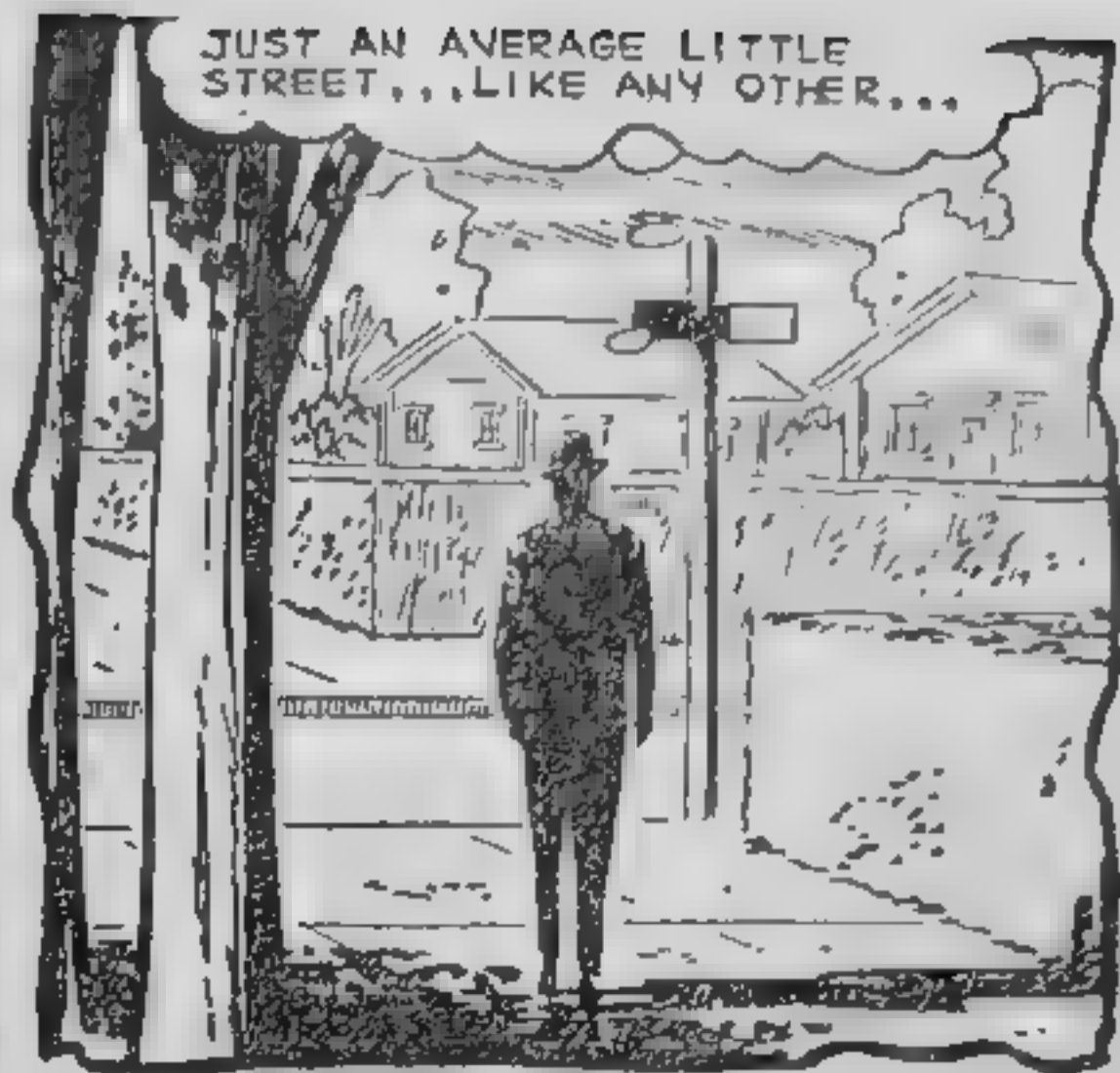
IT'S JUST A PRESENT FOR MY GIRL FRIEND'S KID BROTHER! I WAS GONNA TAKE IT TO HIM-- BUT I HAD TO COVER THIS STORY, **FIRST!**

THE END

WHEN TOM HYATT GOT OFF AT HIS USUAL BUS STOP THAT DAY, HE HAD NO IDEA OF WHAT AWAITED HIM! WHY NOT TRY A NEW ROUTE HOME, JUST FOR A CHANGE? HE HAD NEVER WALKED ALONG BARTON STREET BEFORE! BUT BY THE END OF HIS JO. P-
 AKA, IT SEEMED SAFE TO SAY THAT HE WOULD NEVER AGAIN VADY HIS PATH...FOR
 BARTON STREET TURNED OUT TO BE THE SCENE OF A DRAMA IN WHICH TOM HYATT
 PLAYED A STRANGE AND TERRIFYING ROLE...

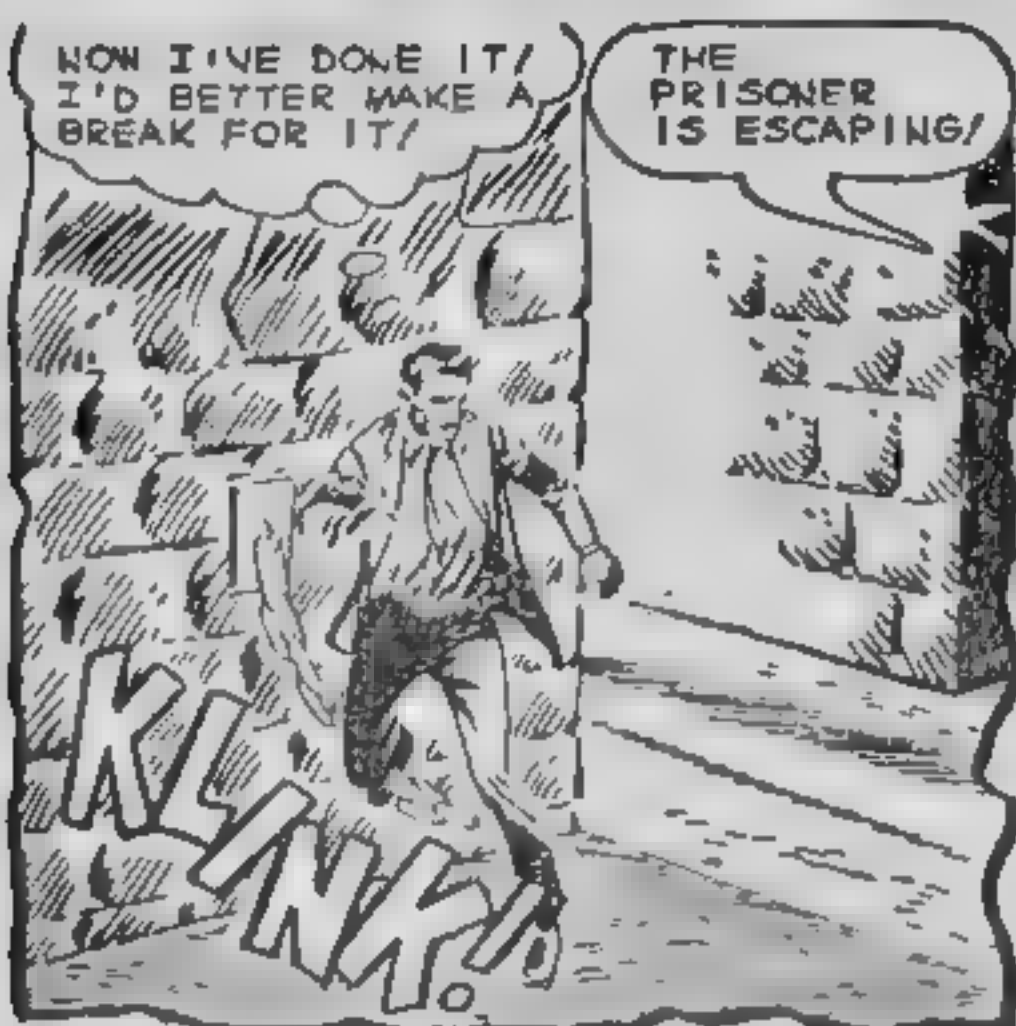
BARTON STREET

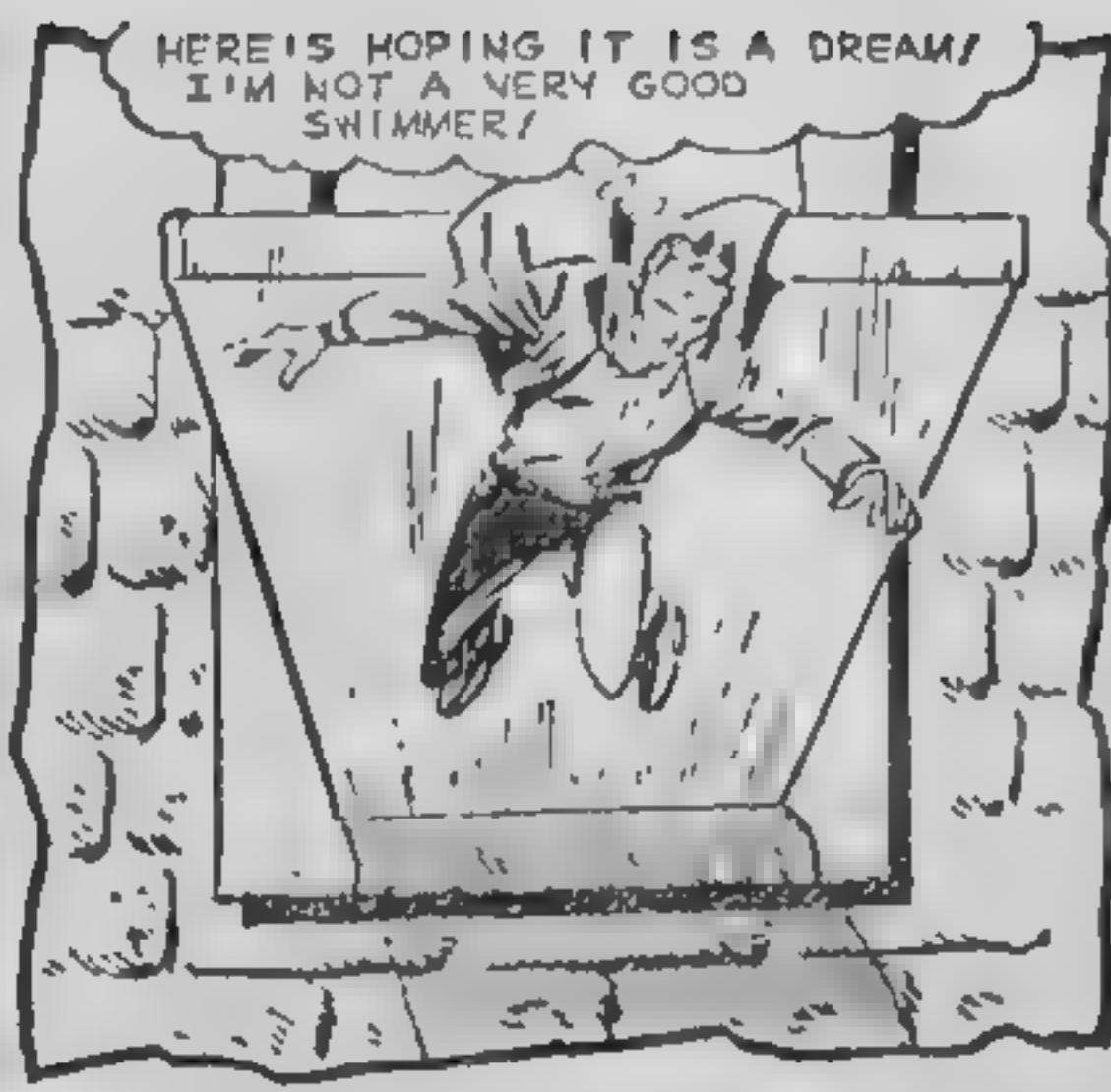
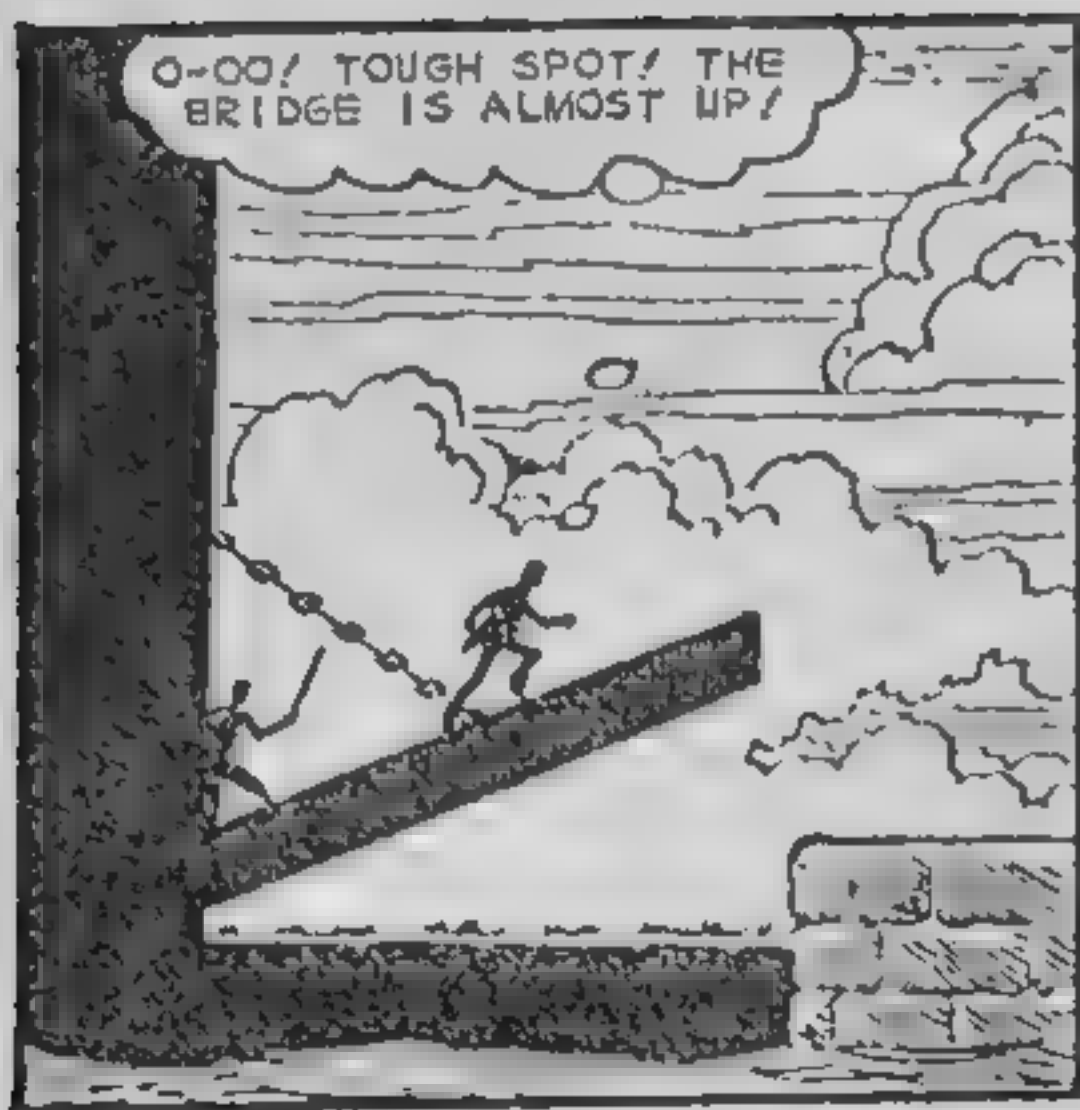












END

SIRENS WAILED IN THE NIGHT! THREE MEN FELT THE DRAGNET CLOSING IN ABOUT THEM! THERE WAS BUT ONE ESCAPE, BUT IT WAS FANTASTIC, FRAUGHT WITH DANGER!

the DEEP FREEZE



NO, RICK...THERE'S GOT TO BE ANOTHER WAY! I'M NOT GOING DOWN INTO THAT CELLAR!



IT'S OUR ONLY WAY OUT! WE'VE GOT TO DO IT...THE POLICE WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!



RICK MORROW CLUNG TO THE BAG WHOSE CONTENTS HAD BROUGHT THEM INTO THEIR VEXING DILEMMA...



IT'S THIS OR THE LAW... TWENTY YEARS IN PRISON! HERE WE'VE GOT A HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND BUCKS AND MAY NEVER GET A CHANCE TO SPEND IT!

OUTSIDE, THE SIRENS TONED DOWN TO A LOW MOAN, THEN STOPPED! ABOVE CAME THE CRUNCHING OF A WOODEN DOOR, THE TRAMPING OF FEET...



MAKE UP YOUR MINDS, FAST...OR I GO...ALONE!

CLOSING THE CONCEALED DOOR BEHIND THEM, BIFF AND MIKE FOLLOWED RICK TO THE SMALL SUB-CELLAR ROOM...



THE POLICE KNOW WE'RE IN THIS HIDE-OUT! THEY CAN STARVE US OUT... OR, WE CAN GO INTO SUSPENDED ANIMATION LIKE I WAS TELLING YOU...

OKAY, WE GOT NO CHOICE, BUT HOW DOES IT WORK?

I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY... I READ ABOUT IT ONCE AND HAD THIS LAYOUT SET UP DOWN HERE! SEE, THAT'S CARBON DIOXIDE COMING OUT OF THE PIPE!

DRY ICE! WE GOT TO GO THRU THIS! THE POLICE ARE PROBABLY ON OUR HEELS RIGHT NOW!



IF MY CALCULATIONS ARE RIGHT, THIS SHOULD START DOING ITS JOB IN ANOTHER MINUTE!

BRRR! FREEZIN' OURSELVES INTO DRY ICE! WHAT A WAY TO ESCAPE FROM THE LAW!

ABOVE, THE POLICE WERE BEWILDERED...



I CAN'T FIGURE WHERE THEY WENT... THE HOUSE IS SURROUNDED! WE SEARCHED THE PLACE FROM ATTIC TO CELLAR!

WELL, SOONER OR LATER THEY'LL WIND UP WHERE THEY BELONG... **BEHIND BARS!**

THE INSULATED, TANK-LIKE SUB-CELLAR REMAINED A SOLID BLOCK OF DRY ICE FOR MANY YEARS! EVAPORATING SLOWLY, IT MADE ROOM FOR AIR TO SEEP IN...

AT LAST, WHEN THE LAST TRACE OF DRY ICE HAD VANISHED...



OH, WHAT A SLEEP! I FEEL STIFF!

W-WHERE AM I?

IT'S COMING BACK, TO ME! MIKE! RICK! THE POLICE... I DON'T HEAR 'EM UP THERE!

IT WORKED! WE STOPPED EXISTING FOR A WHILE! NOW THE DRY ICE HAS GONE! WE'RE OKAY AGAIN!



RICK'S FLASHLIGHT DIDN'T WORK! THE THREE MADE THEIR WAY OUT OF THE SUB-CELLAR BY MATCHLIGHT..

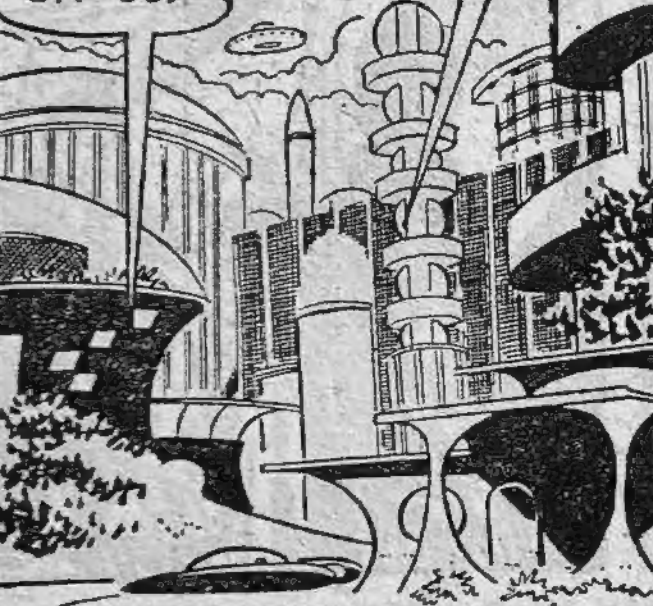


IT REQUIRED SOME FRANTIC DIGGING, BUT THE LAWN THEY EMERGED THRU WAS NEW AND NOT DEEP..



WHAT A TIME TO BE LIVING IN! HERE WE ARE WITH A HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, AND THE PRESSURE IS OFF US!

RICK, MAYBE THE MONEY'S NO GOOD NOW!



YEAH, MAYBE MONEY HAS CHANGED...I'LL FIND OUT! THE WAY PEOPLE ARE LOOKING AT US, WE'D BETTER GET SOME NEW CLOTHES!

RIGHT...IF THE MONEY'S NO GOOD, THE STORES'LL KNOW, AND THEY WON'T TAKE IT!



BEFORE LONG, THEIR GREATEST WORRY WAS OVER...

THEY TOOK OUR DOUGH! THEY GAVE ME THIS CHANGE AND IT'S EXACTLY THE SAME U.S. CURRENCY!

NOW WE CAN REALLY START LIVING!



THEY STARTED AT ONCE TO SPEND THEIR LOOT...



WE'LL TAKE THE BIGGEST CAR YOU'VE GOT IN THE SHOP, FRIEND!

YOUR LANGUAGE IS STRANGE, BUT I BELIEVE YOU WANT TO BUY A MOBILE JETWAGON!

THEY LOOKED AT THE BEST APARTMENTS...



THIS IS THE GALLERY ROOM...THIRTY BY FORTY FEET!

AND TEN ROOMS, EH? IT'LL DO! WE'LL PAY YOU A FULL YEAR'S RENT IN ADVANCE!

THEY SPENT MONEY FREELY...EASY COME, EASY GO!



THINGS ARE SURE A LOT DIFFERENT THAN THEY WERE BACK IN FIFTY-SIX!

YOU MEN ARE SO AMUSING! BACK IN FIFTY-SIX, THIS IS TWENTY-ONE-FIFTY-SIX, OR HAVE I LOST A YEAR SOMEWHERE?

EVERYTHING WENT ALONG FINE FOR ABOUT TWO WEEKS! THEN, ONE DAY...



THAT'S WHAT I SAID...YOU THREE ARE TO COME DOWN TO THE FEDERAL ATTORNEY'S OFFICE AT ONCE!

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, OFFICER?

THERE WERE QUESTIONS BY THE FEDERAL ATTORNEY, THEN AN INDICTMENT AND TRIAL! THRU IT ALL THEY LIVED IN A DAZE, BEWILDERED BY THE IRONIC TURN OF EVENTS...



YOU'VE VIOLATED FEDERAL LAW! YOU'VE HAD A FAIR TRIAL! THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO BE SAID! TAKE THEM AWAY!

ONLY AFTER A FEW DAYS BEHIND BARS, WERE THEY ABLE TO REALIZE THE FULL IMPORT OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO THEM...



TWENTY YEARS IN PRISON... AND I THOUGHT WE WERE REALLY IN THE CLEAR!

WHAT CHUMPS! IMAGINE US STEALING A SUITCASE FULL OF COUNTERFEIT MONEY!

THE END



IN 1873, JED FARRAGO OF MILES, MICHIGAN, WAS NOT ONLY THE TOWN'S RICHEST MAN, BUT LAID CLAIM TO BEING A **MEDIUM**...

THIS IS BUT ONE OF MY SUPER-NATURAL POWERS. IT'S CALLED **LEVITATION**... BUT THERE ARE MANY OTHER WONDERS THAT I CAN PERFORM.



THESE POWERS COME FROM THE **UNKNOWN**, AND THERE IS NO LIMIT TO THEM. THERE IS EVEN THE POSSIBILITY OF MESSAGES FROM THE BEYOND. WHEN I DIE, I SHALL TRY TO SEND THROUGH SUCH A MESSAGE. ALL I ASK IS THAT YOU WATCH FOR IT...



FREQUENTLY, HE WAS HECKLED BY A DRUNKEN FARMER NAMED **BILL EAGLE**...

G'WAN, YOU BIG FAKE! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE FOOLIN'?



BUT BECAUSE HE WAS WEALTHY, FOLKS HUMORED HIM. THEN, ONE DAY... HE WAS FOUND AT HOME, DEAD...

HE WAS KILLED BY A 45 SLUG. YOU LOOKED AROUND THE PLACE YET?

YEP. HIS STRONG BOX WAS RIPPED OPEN... ALL HIS MONEY AND VALUABLES ARE GONE. IT'S MURDER, SHERIFF... AND NO CLUES!



AT THE FUNERAL...

IF EVER THE TIME WAS RIGHT FOR POOR OLD JED TO SEND A MESSAGE FROM THE BEYOND, IT'S NOW. HE COULD TELL US WHO KILLED HIM...

GREAT HEAVENS, LOOK! UP THERE IN THE SKY!



ABOVE THE CEMETERY AND THE SLAIN MAN'S COFFIN, PLAIN TO SEE, WAS A FIGURE FORMED OF CLOUDS. THE FIGURE OF AN **EAGLE**!



THAT'S THE TIPOFF, STRAIGHT OUT OF THE UNKNOWN! THE MAN WE'RE LOOKING FOR IS **BILL EAGLE**!



JEWELS THAT HAD BELONGED TO OLD JED, AS WELL AS UNEXPLAINED MONEY, WERE FOUND IN EAGLE'S POSSESSION. THE STERN JUSTICE OF THE WEST TOOK OVER... AND BILL EAGLE PAID THE PENALTY FOR THE CRIME HE CONFESSED...



...CONDEMNED BY A MESSAGE FROM THE BEYOND!

The END!

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